A SELECTION of Original Scots Songs in Three Parts

The Harmony by

HAYDN

Dedicated by Permission to

Her Majesty

Vol. III

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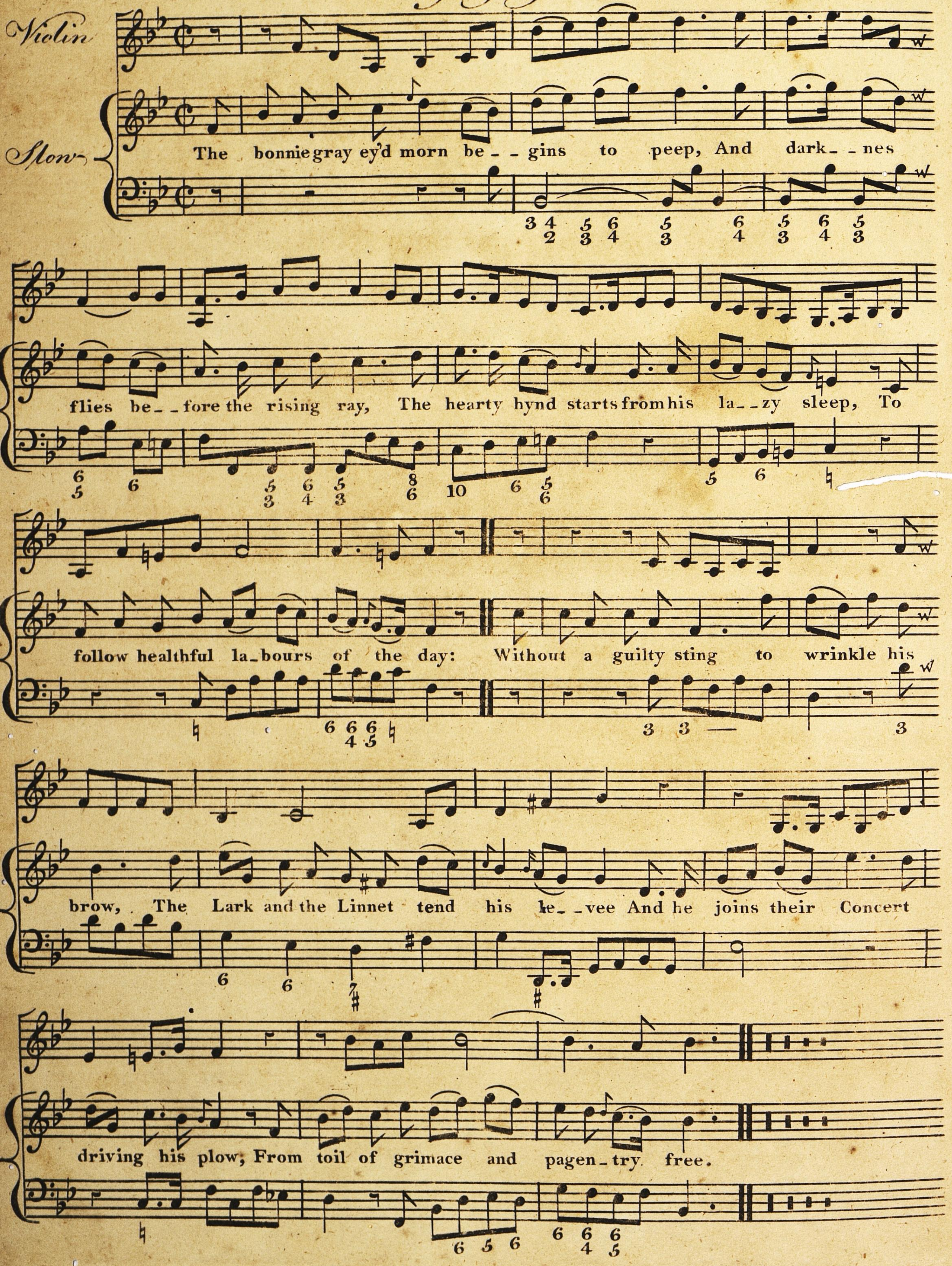
The Bonnie Gray ey'd Morn.



THE BONNIE GREY-EY'D MORN.

THE bonnie grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day:
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While, fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate;
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

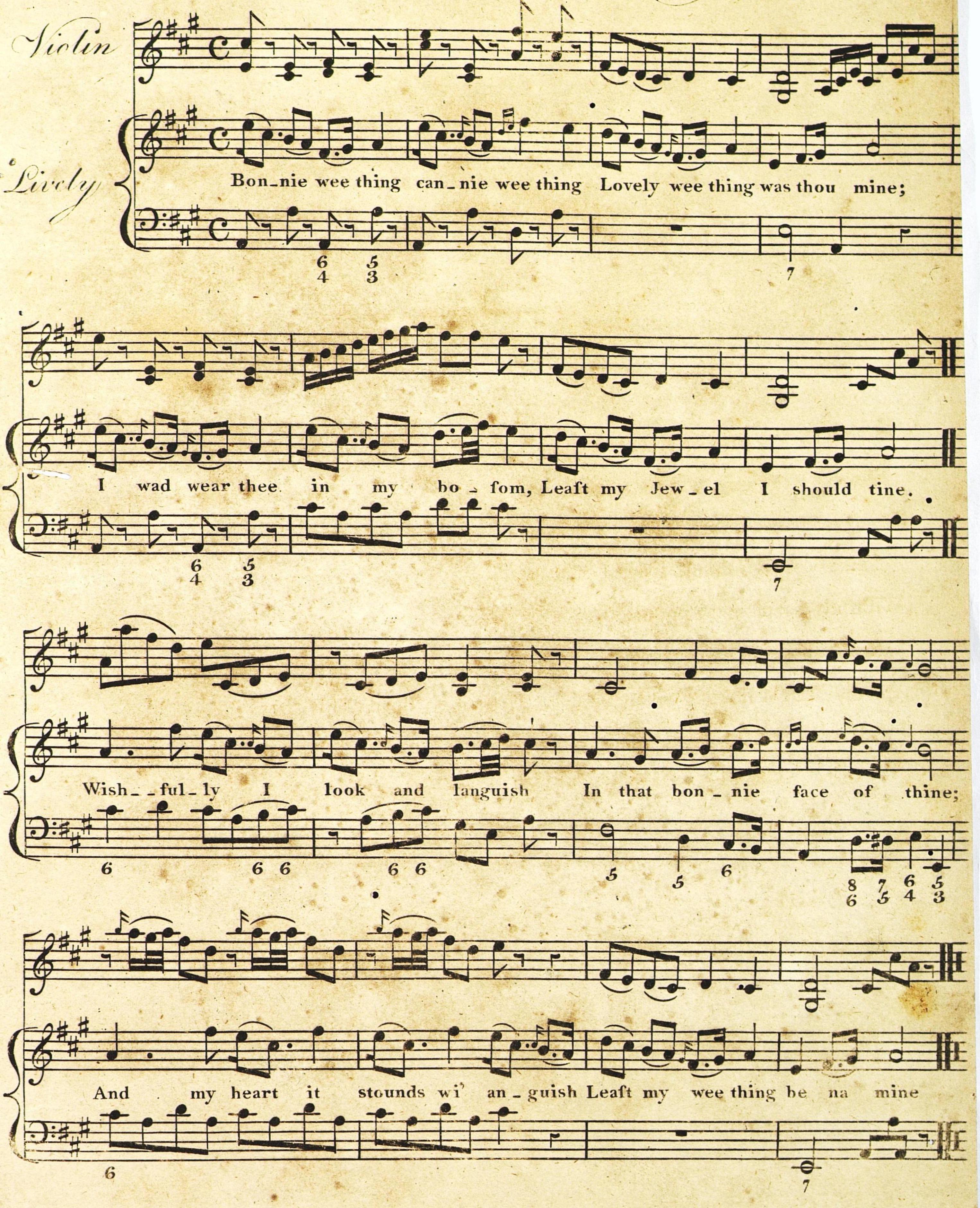
THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my boſom,
Left my jewel I ſhould tyne.
Wiſhfully I look and languiſh
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it ſtounds wi' anguiſh,
Leſt my wee thing be na' mine.

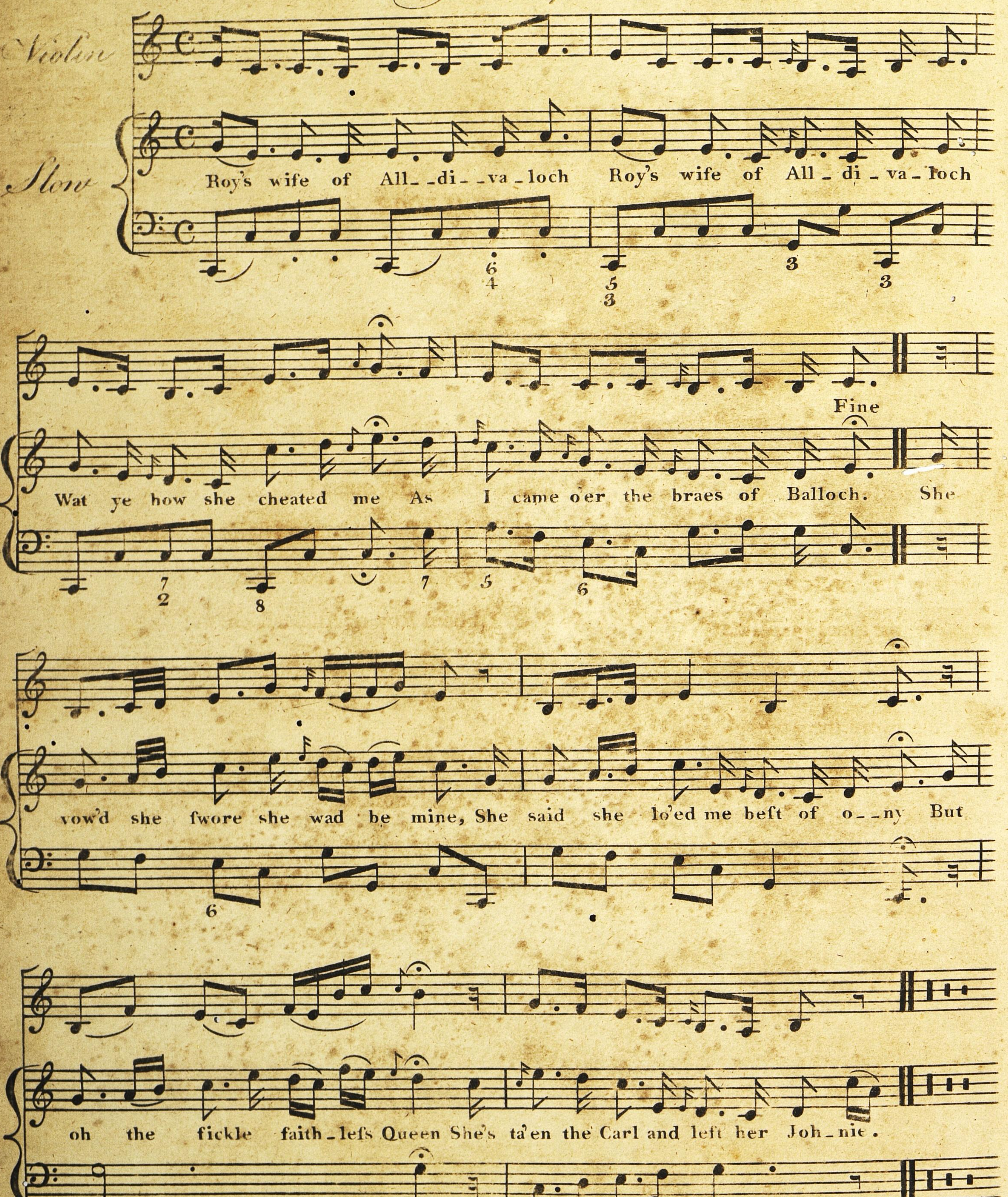
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my boſom,
Leſt my jewel I ſhould tyne.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae conſtellation ſhine!
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddeſs o' this ſoul o' mine!

The Bonnie Wee thing



Roy's Wife.


Violin
Slow
Roy's wife of All_di_va_loch Roy's wife of All_di_va_loch
Wat ye how she cheated me As I came o'er the braes of Balloch. She
Fine
vow'd she fwore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me beft of o_ny But
oh the fickle faith_lefs Queen She's ta'en the Carl and left her Joh_nie.
Tasto Solo
Da Capo

ROY'S WIFE OF ALLDIVALLOCH.

ROY's wife of Alldivaloch,
Roy's wife of Alldivaloch,
Wat ye how ſhe cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, ſhe ſwore ſhe wad be mine;
She ſaid ſhe lo'ed me beſt of ony;
But, oh! the fickle, faithleſs quean,
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O ſhe was a canty quean!
Well could ſhe dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had ſhe been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Alldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

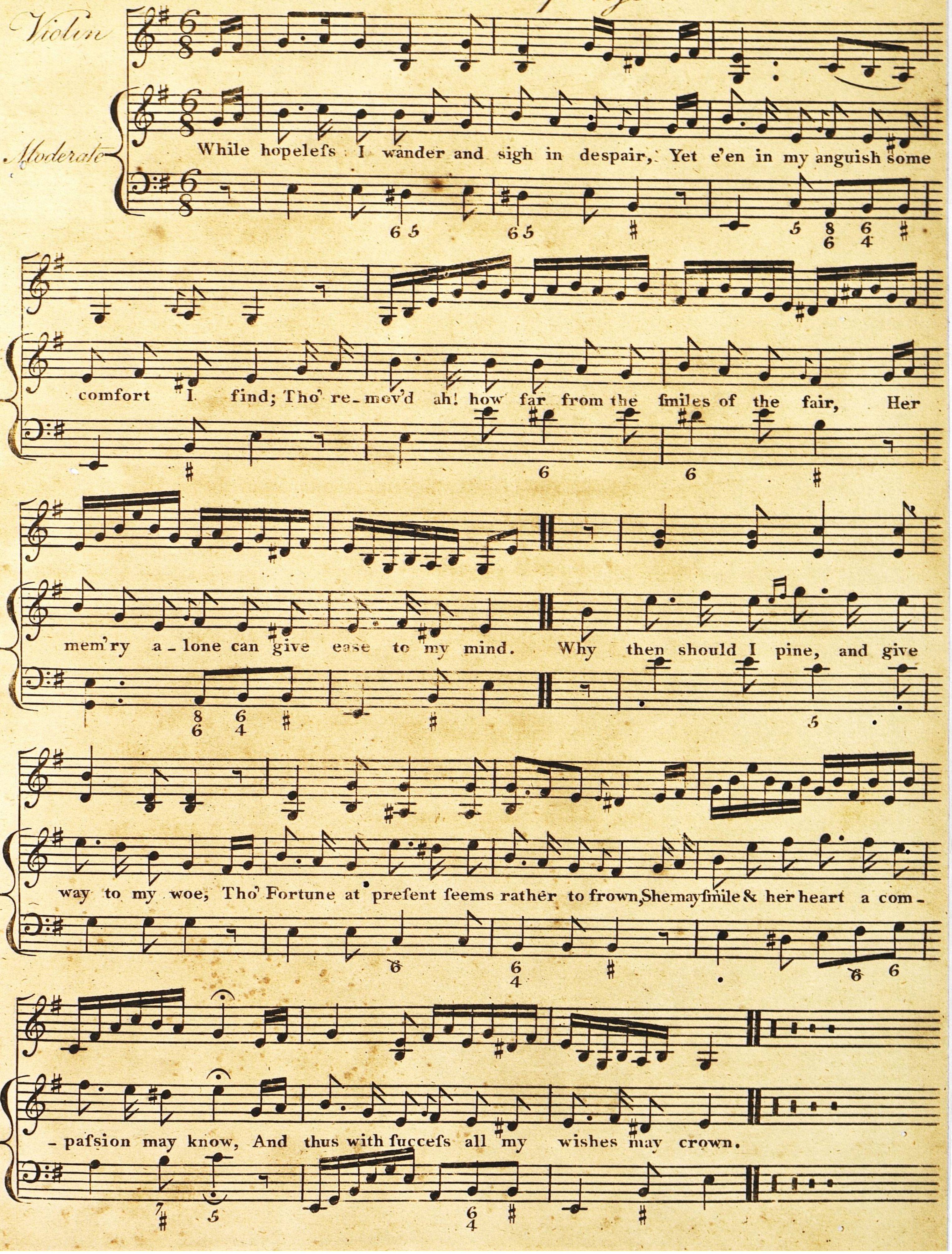
Her hair ſae fair, her een ſae clear,
Her wee bit mou' ſo ſweet and bonnie;
To me ſhe ever will be dear,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

WHILE HOPELESS.

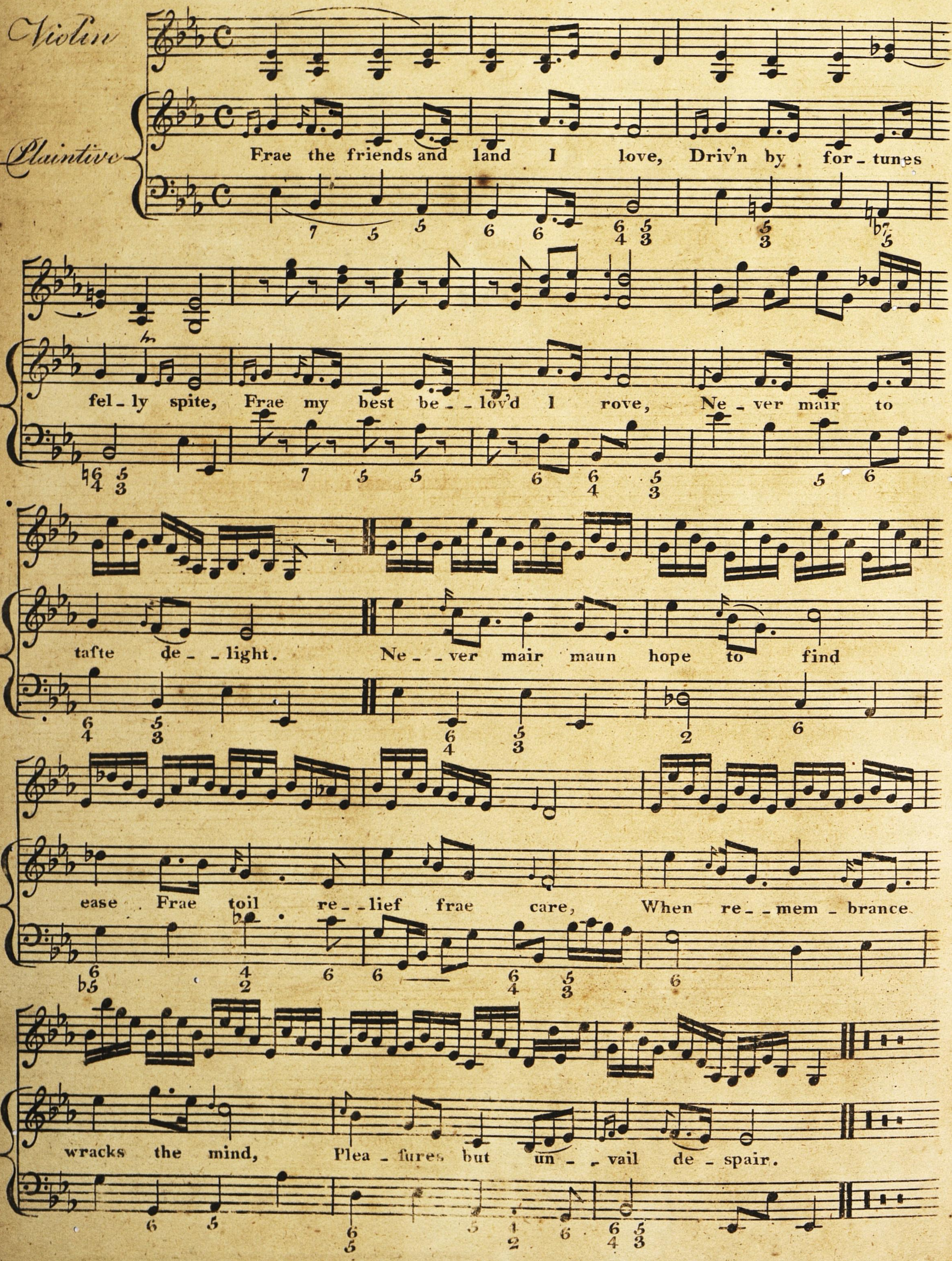
WHILE hopeleſs I wander and ſigh in deſpair,
Yet, lo! in my anguiſh ſome comfort I find;
Tho' remov'd, ah how far, from the ſmiles of the fair!
Her mem'ry alone can give eaſe to my mind.

Why then ſhould I pine and give way to my woe?
Tho' Fortune at preſent ſeems rather to frown;
She may ſmile, and her heart a compaſſion may know,
And thus with ſucceſs all my wiſhes may crown.

While hopelefs.



Frae the Friends and Land I love.



FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love
Driv'n by Fortune's felly ſpite;
Frae my beſt belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taſte delight.
Never mair maun hope to find,
Eaſe frae toil, relief frae care;
When remembrance racks the mind,
Pleaſures but unveil deſpair.

Brighteſt climes ſhall mirk appear;
Deſart ilka blooming ſhore;
Till the Fates, nae mair ſevere,
Friendſhip, love, and peace, reſtore.
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our baniſh'd hame again;
And ilka loyal, bonnie lad
Croſs the ſeas, and win his ain.

THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

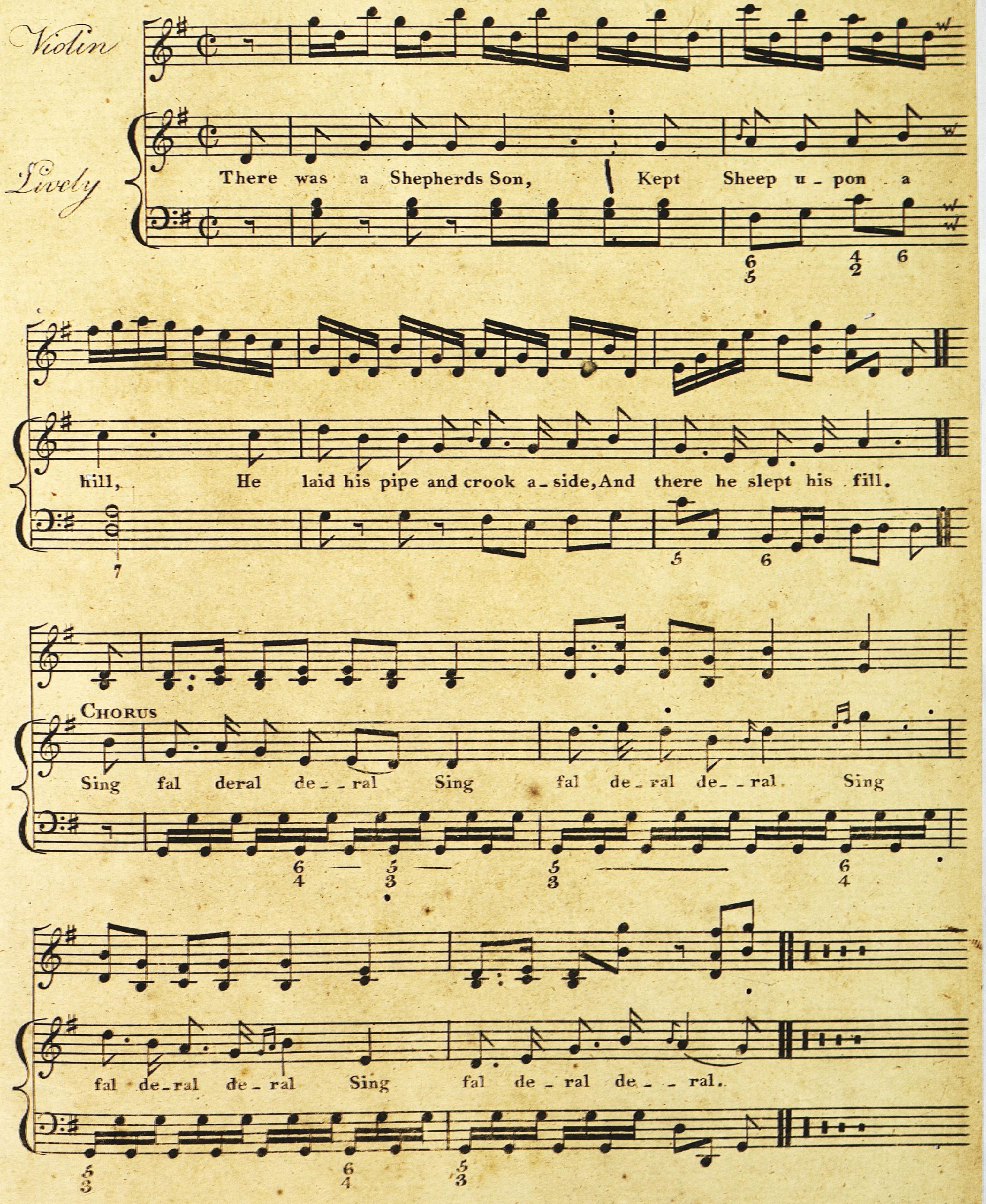
THERE was a ſhepherd's ſon,
Kept ſheep upon a hill,
He laid his pipe and crook aſide,
And there he ſlept his fill.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

He looked eaſt, he looked weſt,
Then gave an under look,
And there he ſpied a lady fair
Swimming in a brook.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

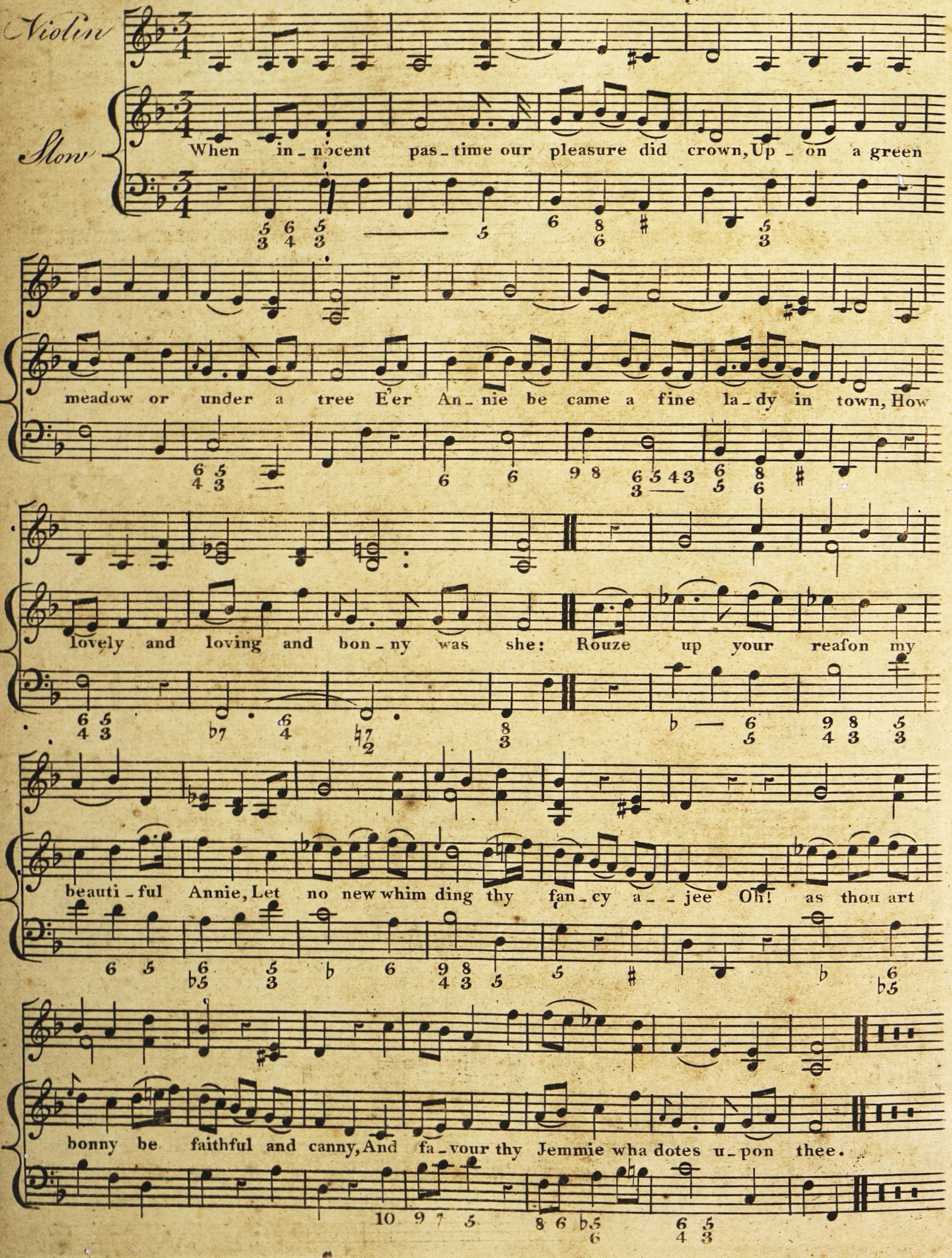
He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approach'd the maid;
Put on your claiths, my dear, he ſays,
And be ye not afraid.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair
To ſew a ſilken ſeam,
Than get up in a May morning,
And ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

The Shepherds Son.



A Cold Frosty Morning.



COLD FROSTY MORNING.

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſures did crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was ſhe!
Rouſe up your reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
Let no new whim ding thy fancy ajee,
O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from thoſe een
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny.
And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhould a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, though never ſo fine,
Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me;
O! as thou art bonnie, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled Sany,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf be admir'd by fair Annie,
And aim at thoſe benniſons promis'd to me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonnie, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka ſweet hour
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry, had pow'r
To rival my love, or impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

AN O for ane and twenty, Tam!
An hey ſweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' ſang,
An I ſaw ane and twenty, Tam.

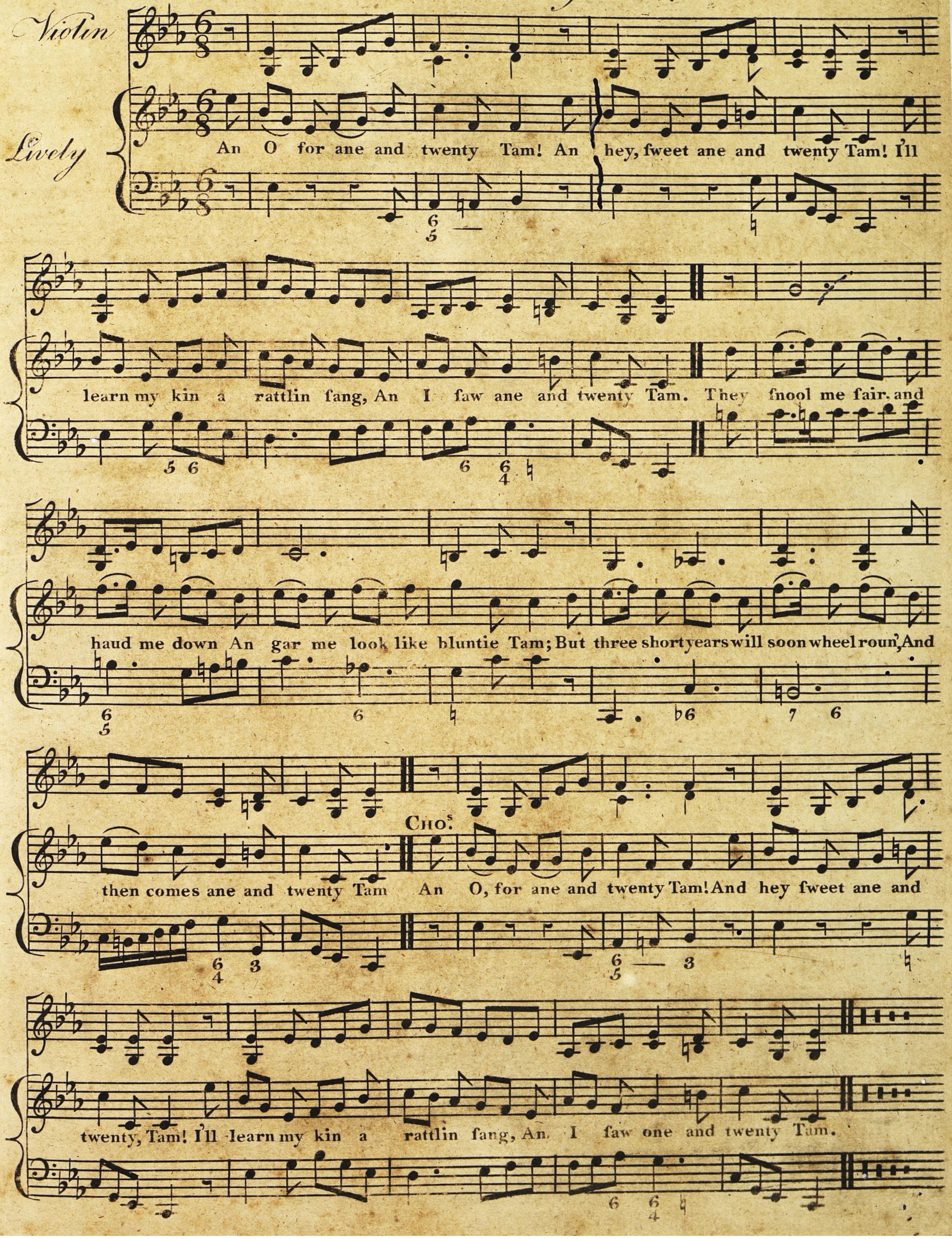
CHO. *An O for ane and twenty, Tam!*
An hey ſweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a ratlin' ſang,
An I ſaw ane and twenty, Tam.

They ſnool me ſair, and haud me down,
An gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three ſhort years will ſoon wheel roun',
An then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

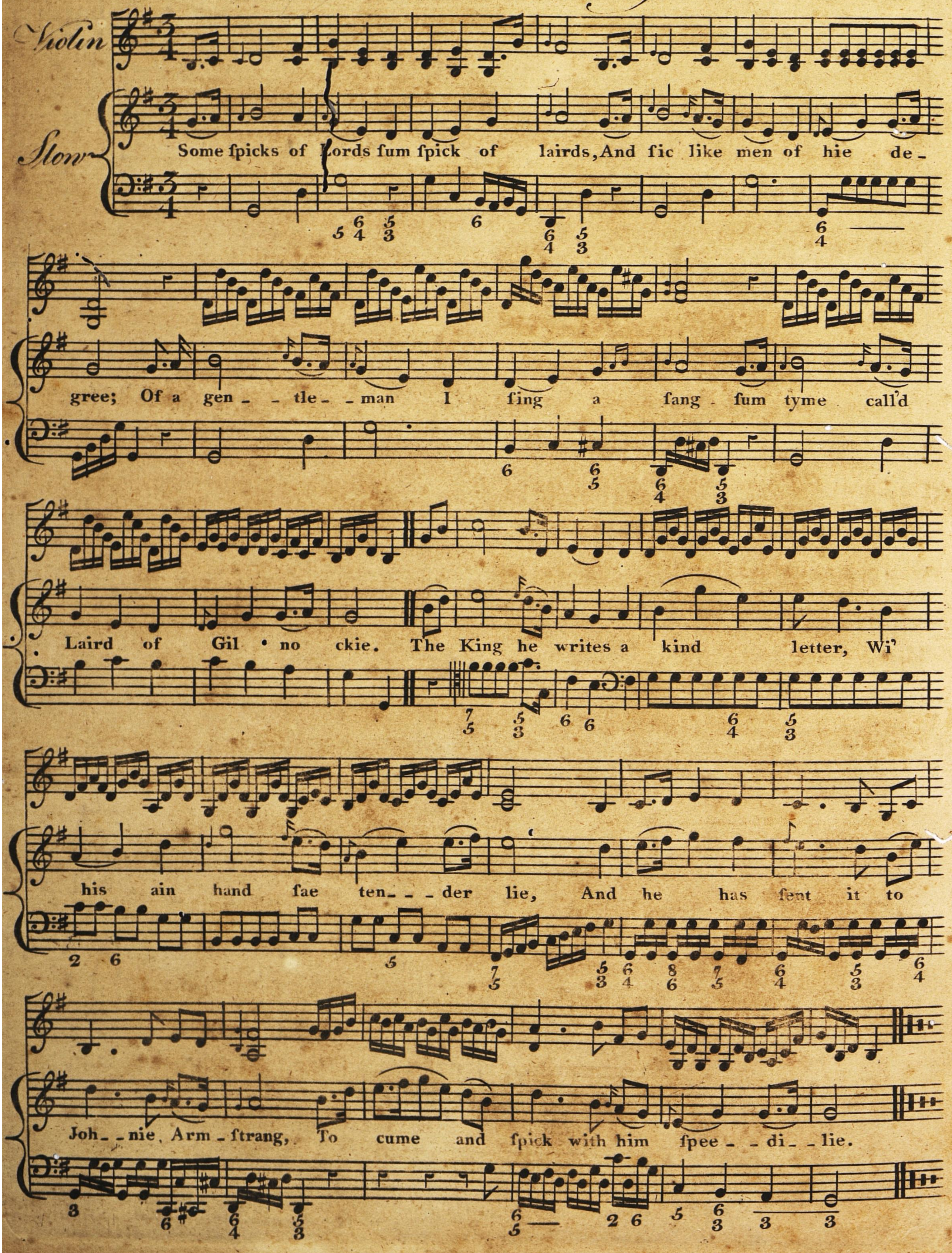
A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na ſpeir,
An I ſaw ane and twenty, Tam.
An O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I myſel hae plenty, Tam;
But, hear'ſt thou, laddie, there's my loof
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.
An O for, &c.

O. For ane and twenty Tam!



Johnie Armstrong.



JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM ſpiek o' lords, ſum ſpiek o' lairds,
And ſic like men of hie degree;
Of a gentleman I ſing a ſang,
Sumtyme call'd laird of Gilnockie.
The King he writes a kind letter,
Wi' his ain hand ſae tenderlie,
And he has ſent it to Johnie Armſtrang,
To cum and ſpiek wi' him ſpeedilie.

The Elliots and Armſtrangs did convene;
They were a gallant companie:
We'll ryde and meit our lawful King,
And bring him ſafe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And veniſon in great plentie;
We'll welcum hame our royal King,
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie.

They ran their horſe on the Langum Hawn,
And brak their ſpeirs wi' meikle main;
The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
God bring our men weel back again.
Quhen Johnie came before the King,
Wi' a' his men ſae brave to ſee,
The King he mov't his bonnet to him,
He wein'd he was King as well as he.

May I find grace, my ſovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me,
For my name is Johnie Armſtrang,
And ſubject of zour's, my Liege, ſaid he.
Awa', awa', thou traytor ſtrang,
Out of my ſicht thou may'ſt ſune be,
I grantit ne'ir a traytor's lyfe,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a bonnie gift I'll gi' to thee,
Full four and twenty milk-whyt ſteids,
Were a' foal'd in a zeir to me:
I'll gi'e thee all theſe milk-whyt ſteids,
That prance and nicher at a ſpeir,
With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
As four of their braid backs dow beir.

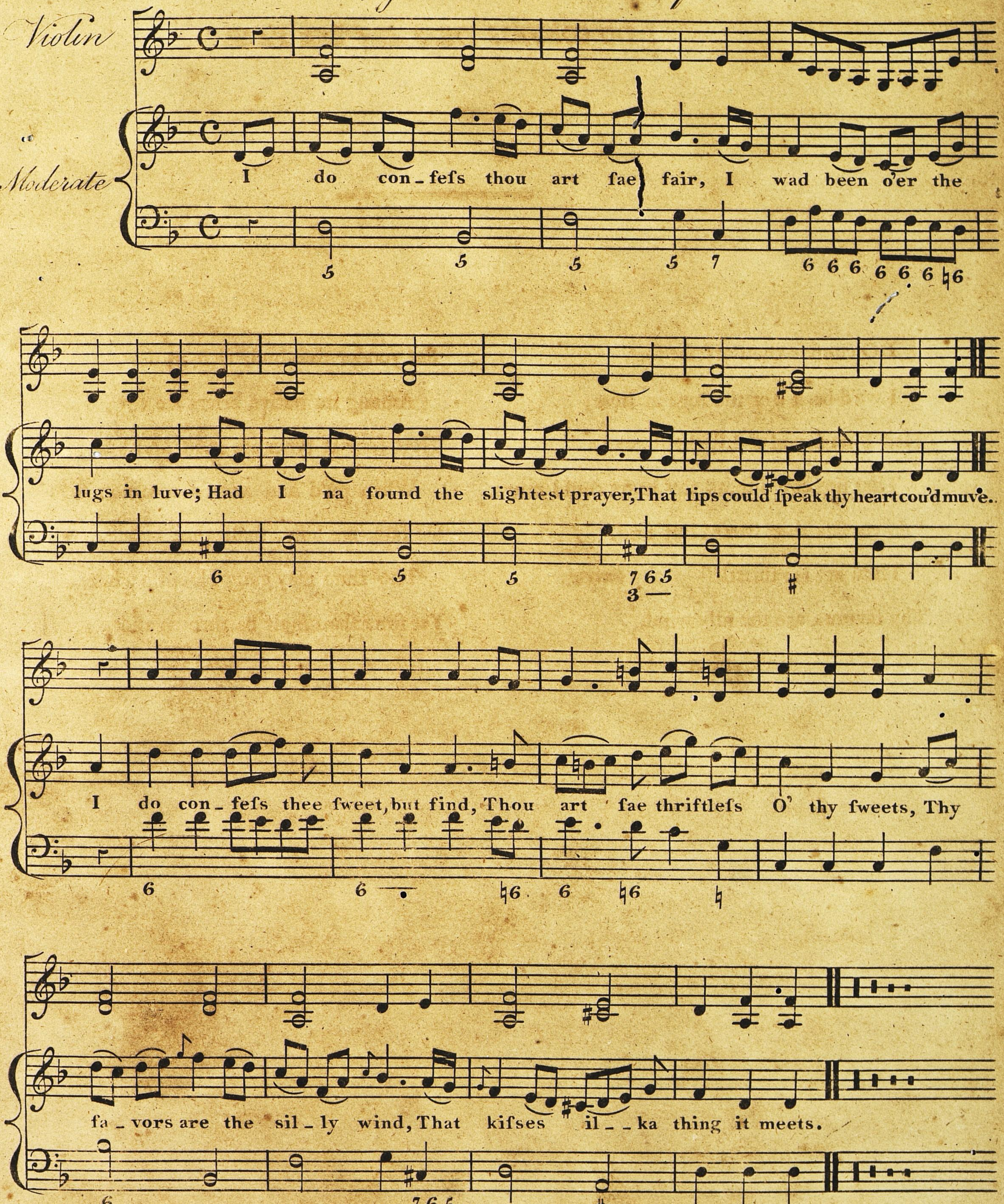
Farweil my bonnie Gilnock-hall,
Quhair on Eſk ſide thou ſtandeſt ſtout:
Gif I had liev'd but ſeven zeirs mair,
I wou'd haif gilt thee round about;
John murd'red was at Carlingrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er ſo wae,
To ſee ſae mony brave men die.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

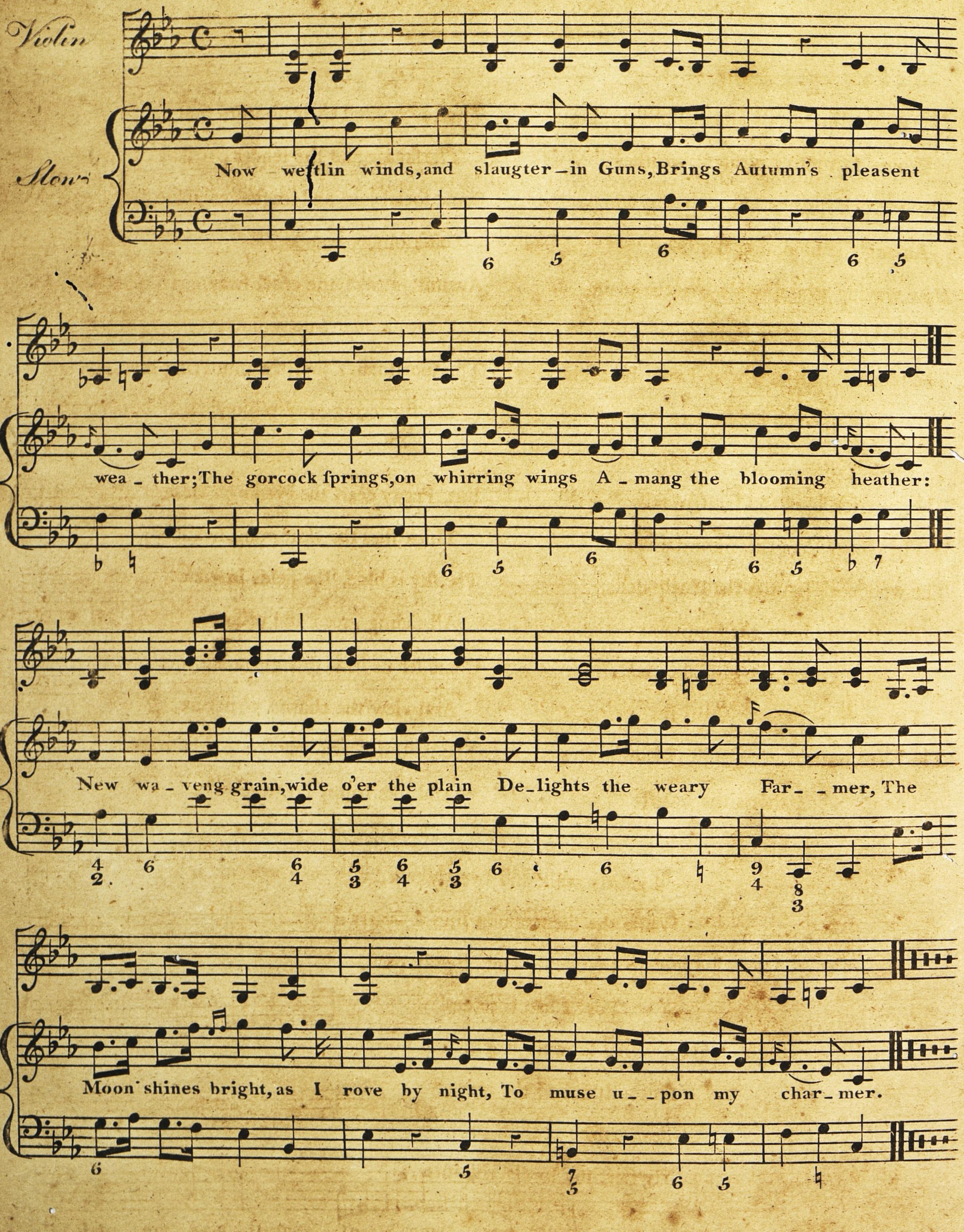
I DO confeſs thou art ſae fair,
I wa'd been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the ſlighteſt pray'r
That lips could ſpeak thy heart could muve.
I do confeſs thee ſweet, but find,
Thou art ſae thriftleſs o' thy ſweets,
Thy favours are the ſilly wind,
That kiſſes ilka thing it meets.

See yonder roſe-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers ſae coy;
How ſune it tynes its ſcent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, ſhall thee betide;
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,
Yet ſune thou ſhalt be thrown aſide,
Like ony common weed and vile.

I do confess thou art sae fair.



Now Westlin Winds,



WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW weſtlin winds and ſlaught'rin' guns,
Brings Autumn's pleaſant weather;
The gorcock ſprings, on whirring wings
Amang the blooming heather.
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer,
The moon ſhines bright as I rove by night,
To muſe upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,
The plover lo'es the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lanely dells,
The ſoaring hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the cuſhat roves,
The path o' man to ſhun it;
The hazel buſh o'erhangs the thruſh,
The ſpreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleaſure find,
The ſavage and the tender;
Some ſocial join and leagues combine,
Some ſolitary wander;
Avaunt, away! the cruel ſway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The ſportſman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The fluttering gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the ſkimming ſwallow;
The ſky is blue, the fields in view
All fading green and yellow.
Come let us ſtray our gladſome way,
And view the charms o' nature,
The ruſtling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk and ſweetly talk,
While the ſilent moon ſhines clearly;
I'll claſp thy waiſt, and, fondly preſt,
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly;
Not vernal ſhowers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer.

GREEN SLEEVES.

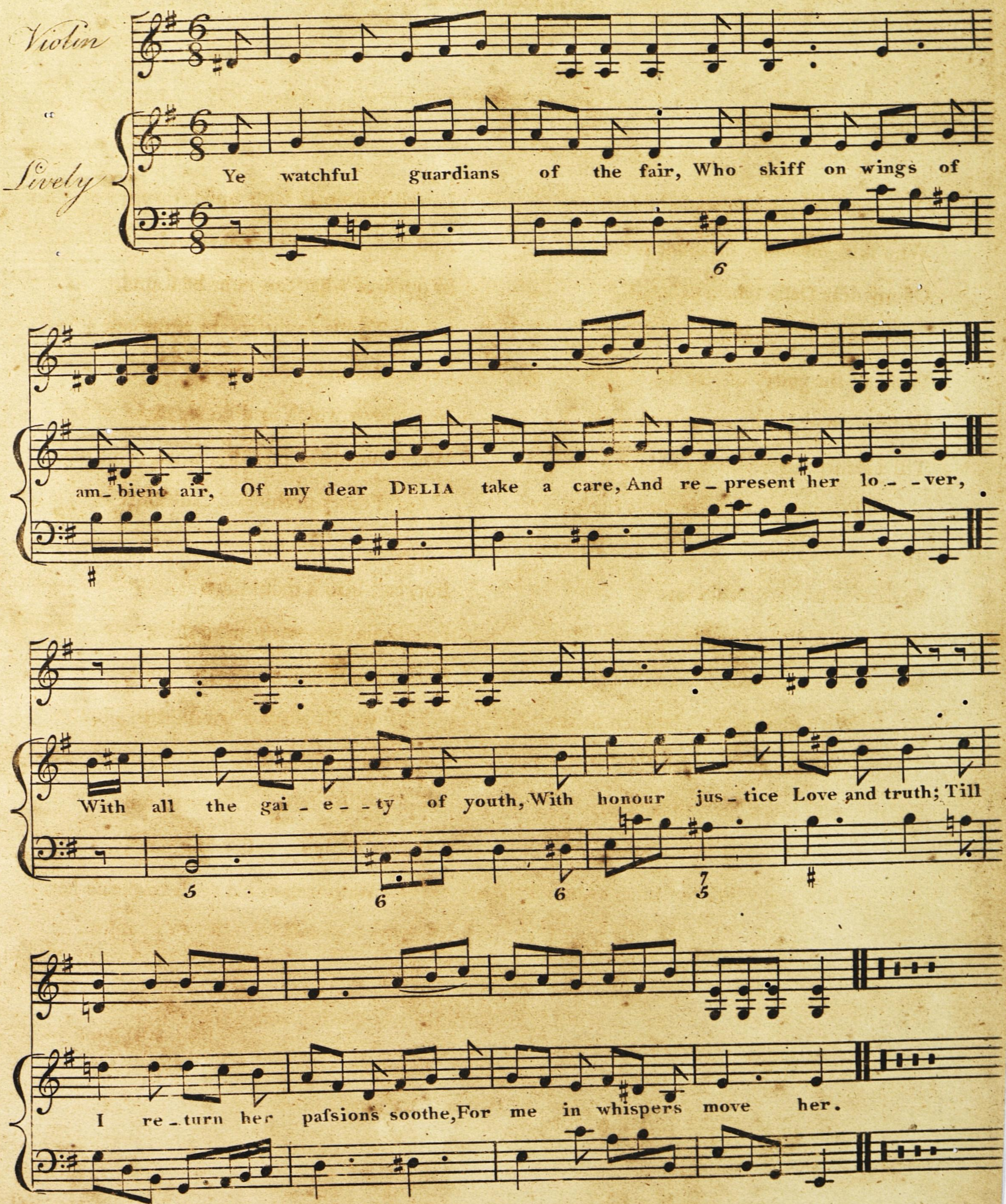
YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who ſkiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And repreſent her luver,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, juſtice, luve, and truth;
Till I return her paſſions ſooth,
For me in whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe ſordid knave,
With ſoul ſunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to ſave,
With glaring gold bewitch her:
Tell her, for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind
Than ane who's ten times richer.

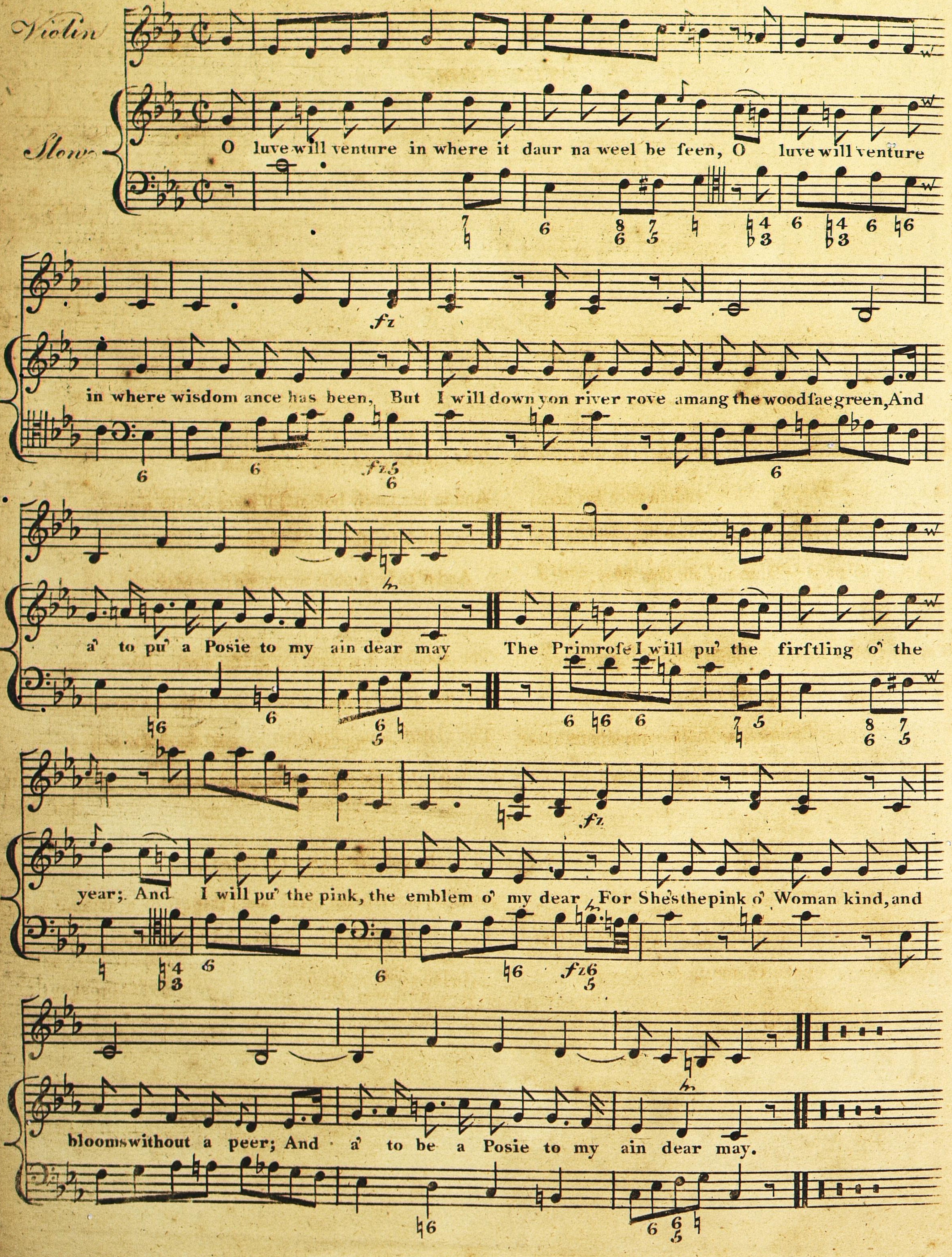
Let all the world turn upſide down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms eſpy,
In ſhadows which at diſtance lie,
Whoſe hop'd-for pleaſure, when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition.

But, caſt into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with luſtre ſhine;
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

Green Sleeves.



The Posie.


Violin
Slow
fz
O luve will venture in where it daur na weel be feen, O luve will venture
in where wisdom ance has been, But I will down yon river rove amang the woodfaegreen, And
a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear may The Primrofe I will pu' the firftling o' the
year;. And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear For Shesthepink o' Woman kind, and
bloomswithout a peer; And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear may.

THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it dares na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove among the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year:
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the di'mond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remuve:
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

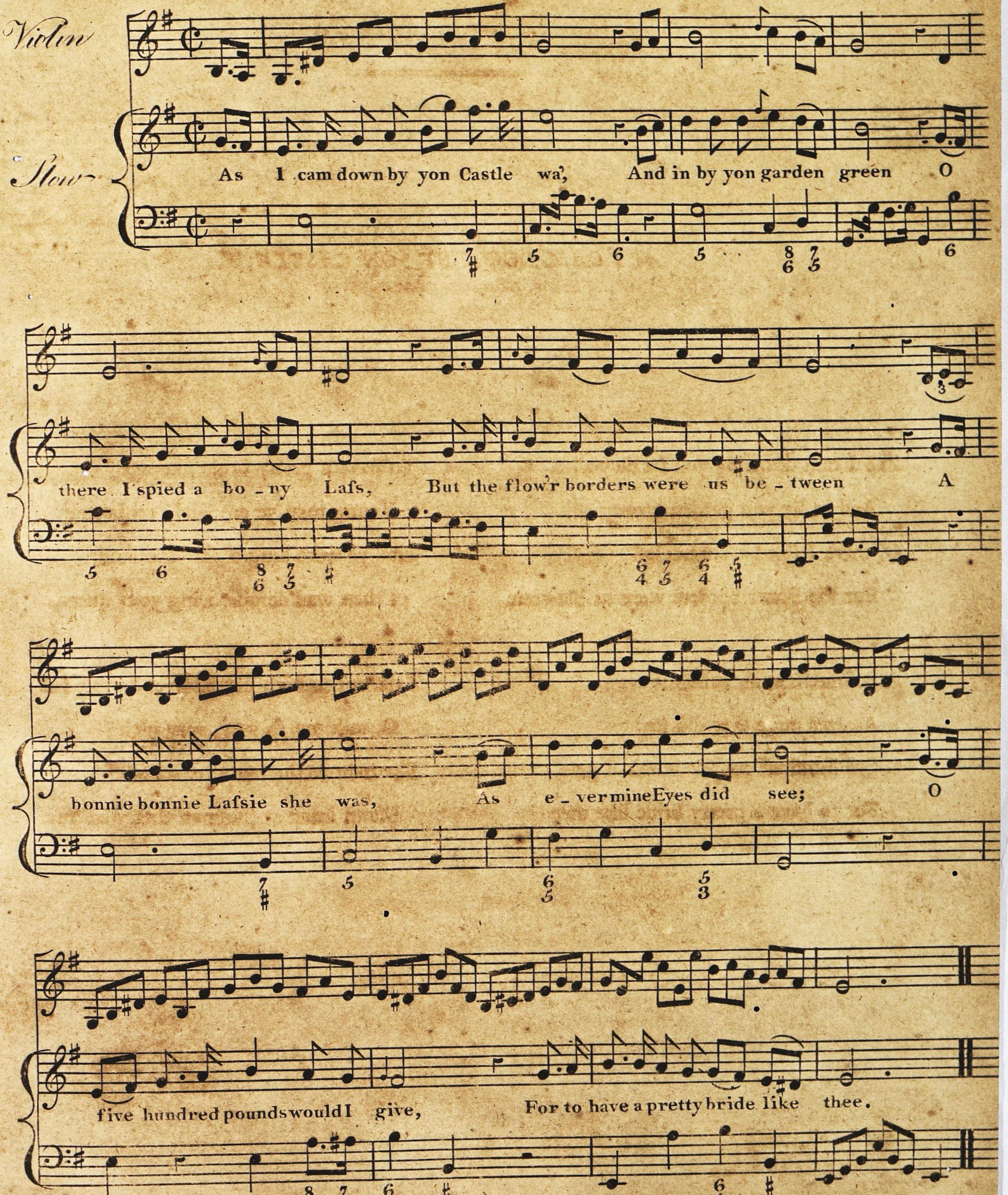
As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O, there I spied a bonnie lass,
But the flow'r borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see!
O five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have a pretty bride like thee.

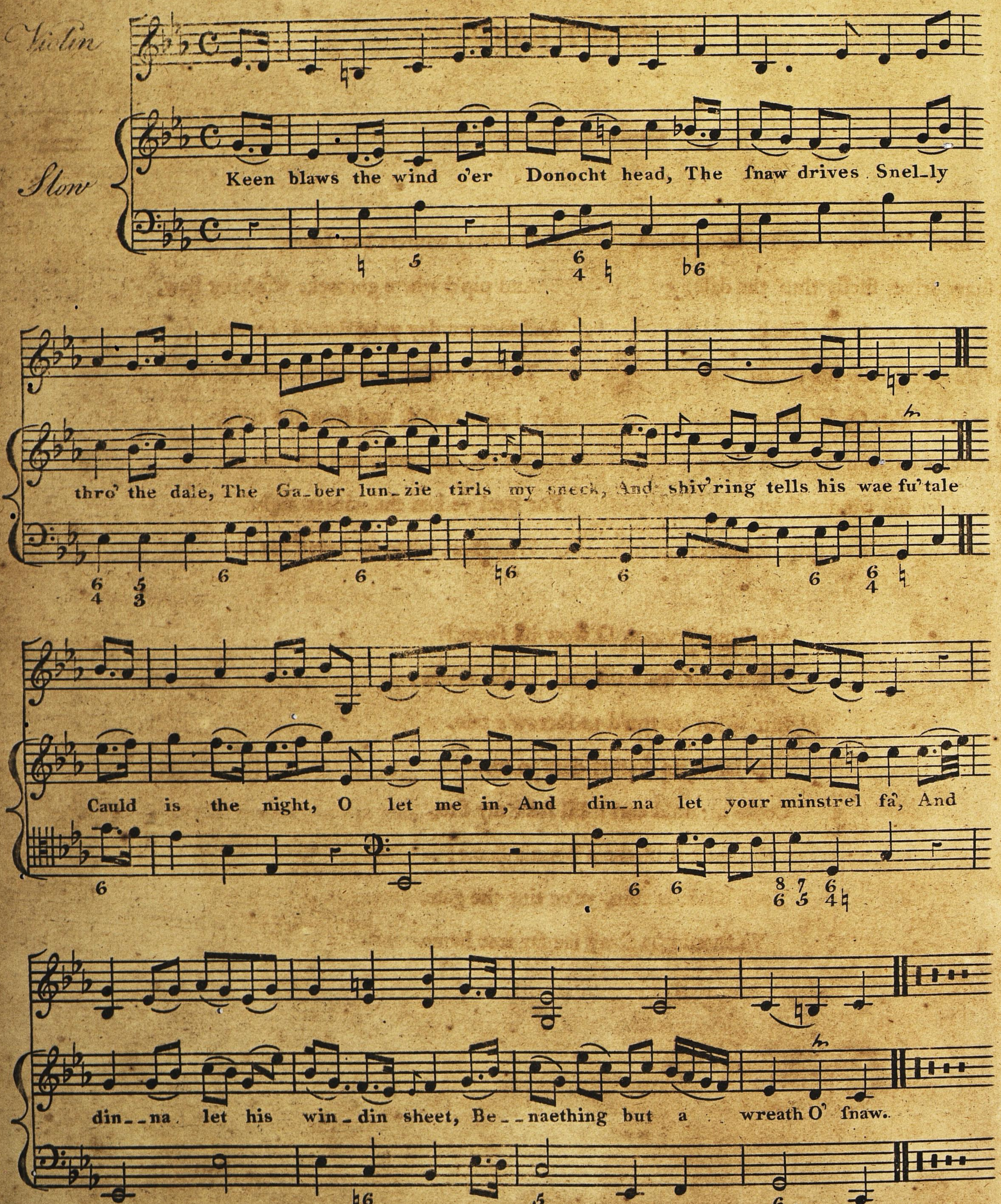
To have a pretty bride like me,
Young man ye are sairly mista'en;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I then wad despise being your queen.

Talk not so high my bonnie, bonnie lass,
O, talk not so very, very high;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
Maun learn at the man that wad buy.

As I cam down by yon Castle Wa'



Donocht Head.



DONOCHT HEAD.

KEEN blaws the wind o'er Donocht Head,
The ſnaw drives ſnelly thro' the dale,
The gaberlunzie tirls my ſneck,
And ſhivering tells his waefu' tale.
Cauld is the night, O, let me in,
And dinna let your minſtrel fa';
And dinna let his windin-ſheet,
Be naething but a wreath o' ſnaw.

Full ninety winters hae I ſeen,
And pip'd where gorcocks whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To lilts which frae my drone I blew.
My Eppie wak'd, and ſoon ſhe cry'd,
Get up, guidman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was ſhort when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow its ſweet!
E'en tho' ſhe bans and ſcaulds a wee;
But when its tun'd to ſorrow's tale,
O haith its doubly dear to me.
Come in, auld carl! I'll ſteer my fire,
I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye ſhould na ſtray ſae far frae hame.

THE EWY WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearſe,
My ewy's praiſe in proper verſe,
I'd ſound it out as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw;
My ewy wi' the crooked horn,
A' that ken'd her could hae ſworn
Sic a ew was never born,
 Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horny did as weel,
 To ken her by among them a'.
  My ewy, &c.

A better or a thriftier beaſt
Nae honeſt man need e'er hae wiſh'd,
For ſilly thing ſhe never miſs'd
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
  My ewy, &c.

The firſt ſhe had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind of ſtock;
And now the laddie has a flock,
 Of mair than thirty head and twa.
  My ewy, &c.

The nieſt I ga'e to Jean; and now,
The bairn's ſae bra', her fauld ſae fu',
The lads ſae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to ſleep on hay or ſtraw.
  My ewy, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Anes ſhe lay an owk and langer
 Forth aneath a wreath o' ſnaw.
  My ewy, &c.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' my tyke,
My ewy never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn wa'.
  My ewy, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
Leſt miſhanter ſhould come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
 Gin the beaſtie bade awa'.
  My ewy, &c.

Yet laſt owk for a' my keeping,
Wha can tell it without greeting,
A villain came when I was ſleeping,
 Staw my ewy, horn and a'.
  My ewy, &c.

I ſought her ſair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buſh o' thorn
There I fand her crooked horn;
 But my ewy was awa.
  My ewy, &c.

But gin I find the loon that did it,
I hae ſworn as well as ſaid it,
Altho' the laird himſelf forbid it,
 I ſhall gi'e his neck a thraw.
  My ewy, &c.

I never met wi' ſic a turn;
At e'en I had baith ew and horn
Safe ſteikit up; but 'gain the morn,
 Baith ew and horn was ſtown awa.
  My ewy, &c.

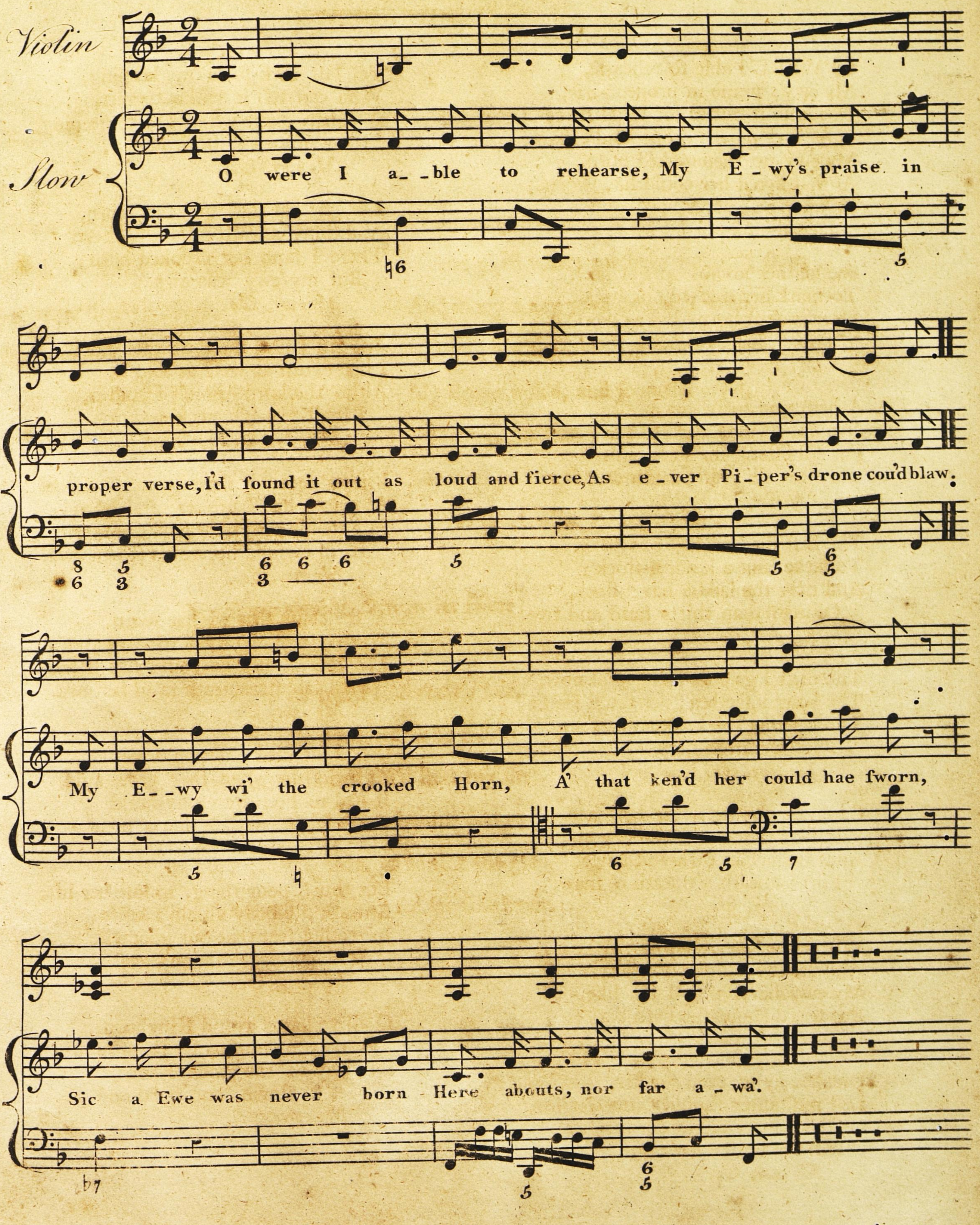
A' the claiſe that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's ſae aft was ſhorn;
The loſs o' her he could hae borne,
 Had fair ſtrae death ta'en her awa.
  My ewy, &c.

O had ſhe died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It had na been by mony fauld
 Sae ſair a heart to ane o' us a'.
  My ewy, &c.

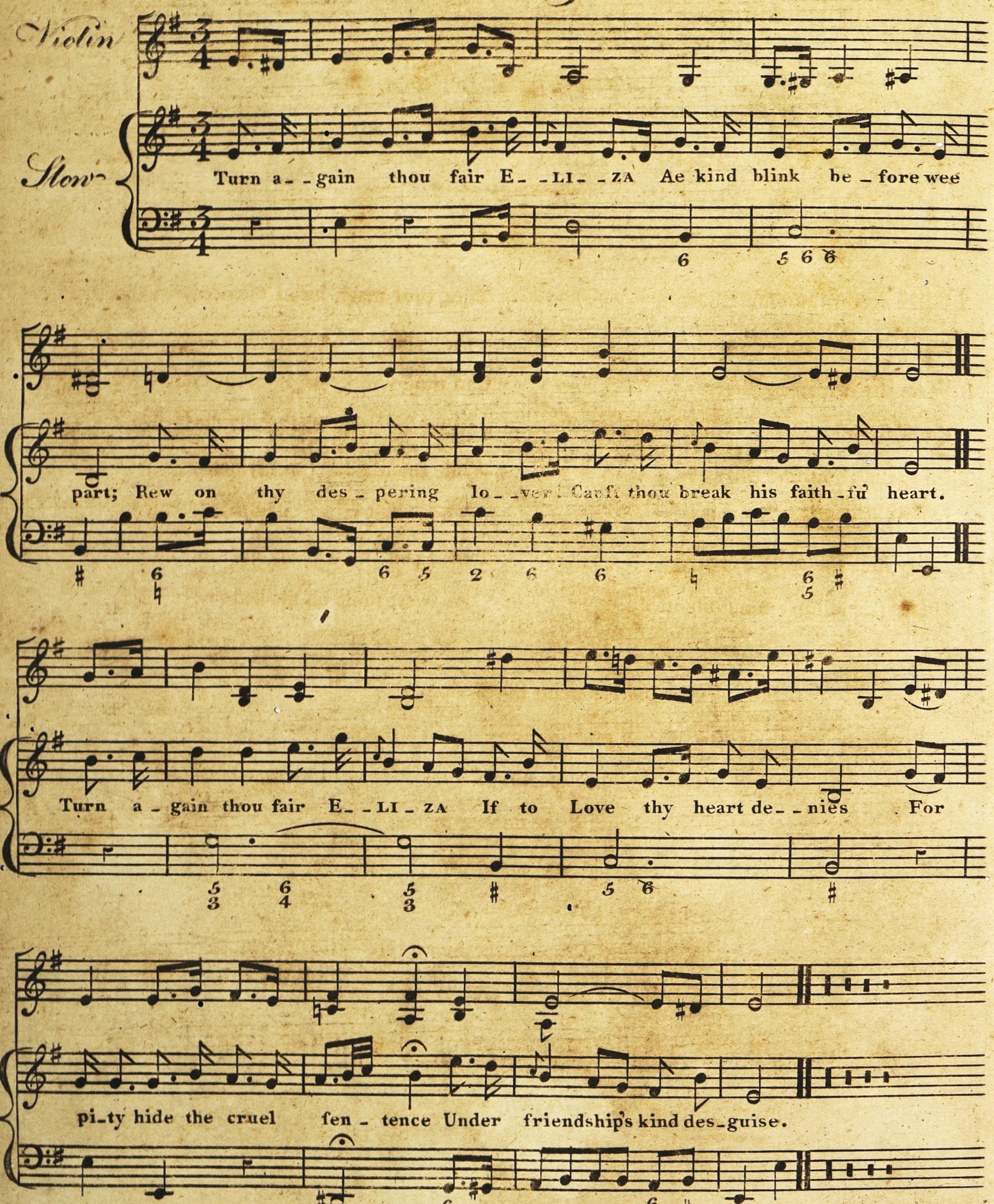
But thus, poor thing, to loſe her life,
Beneath a bloody villain's knife;
In troth I fear that our goodwife
 Will never get aboon't ava'.
  My ewy, &c.

O all ye bards ayond Kinghorn,
Call up your muſes, let them mourn
Our ewy wi' the crooked horn,
 Frae us ſtown, and fell'd and a'.
  My ewy, &c.

The Ewy wi' the crooked Horn.



Fair Eliza.


Violin
Slow
Turn a_gain thou fair E_LI_ZA Ae kind blink be_fore wee
part; Rew on thy des_pering lo_ver! Canst thou break his faith_fu' heart.
Turn a_gain thou fair E_LI_ZA If to Love thy heart de_nies For
pi_ty hide the cruel sen_tence Under friendship's kind des_guise.

FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
  Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy deſpairing luver!
  Canſt thou break his faithfu' heart.
Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
  If to luve thy heart denies;
For pity hide the cruel ſentence,
  Under friendſhip's kind diſguiſe.

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended,
  The offence is luving thee:
Can thou wreck his peace for ever,
  Wha for thine wad gladly die!
While the life beats in my boſom,
  Thou ſhalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
  Ae ſweet ſmile on me beſtow.

Not the bee upon the bloſſom,
  In the pride o' ſinny noon;
Not the little ſporting fairy,
  All beneath the ſimmer moon;
Not the poet, in the moment
  Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleaſure, feels the rapture,
  That thy preſence gi'es to me.

THE WIDOW.

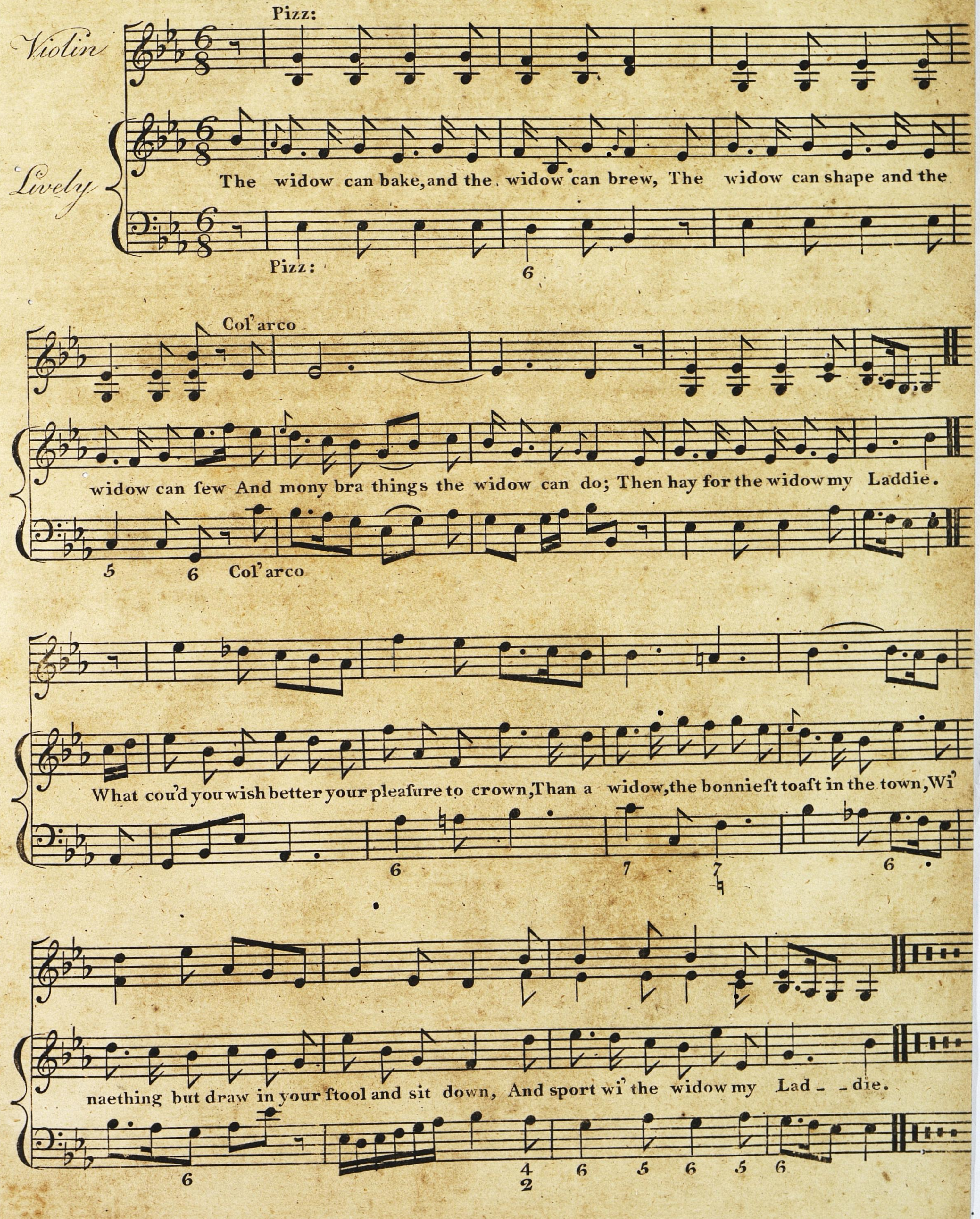
THE widow can bake, the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then hey for the widow, my laddie.

What could you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in you ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport wi' the widow, my laddie?

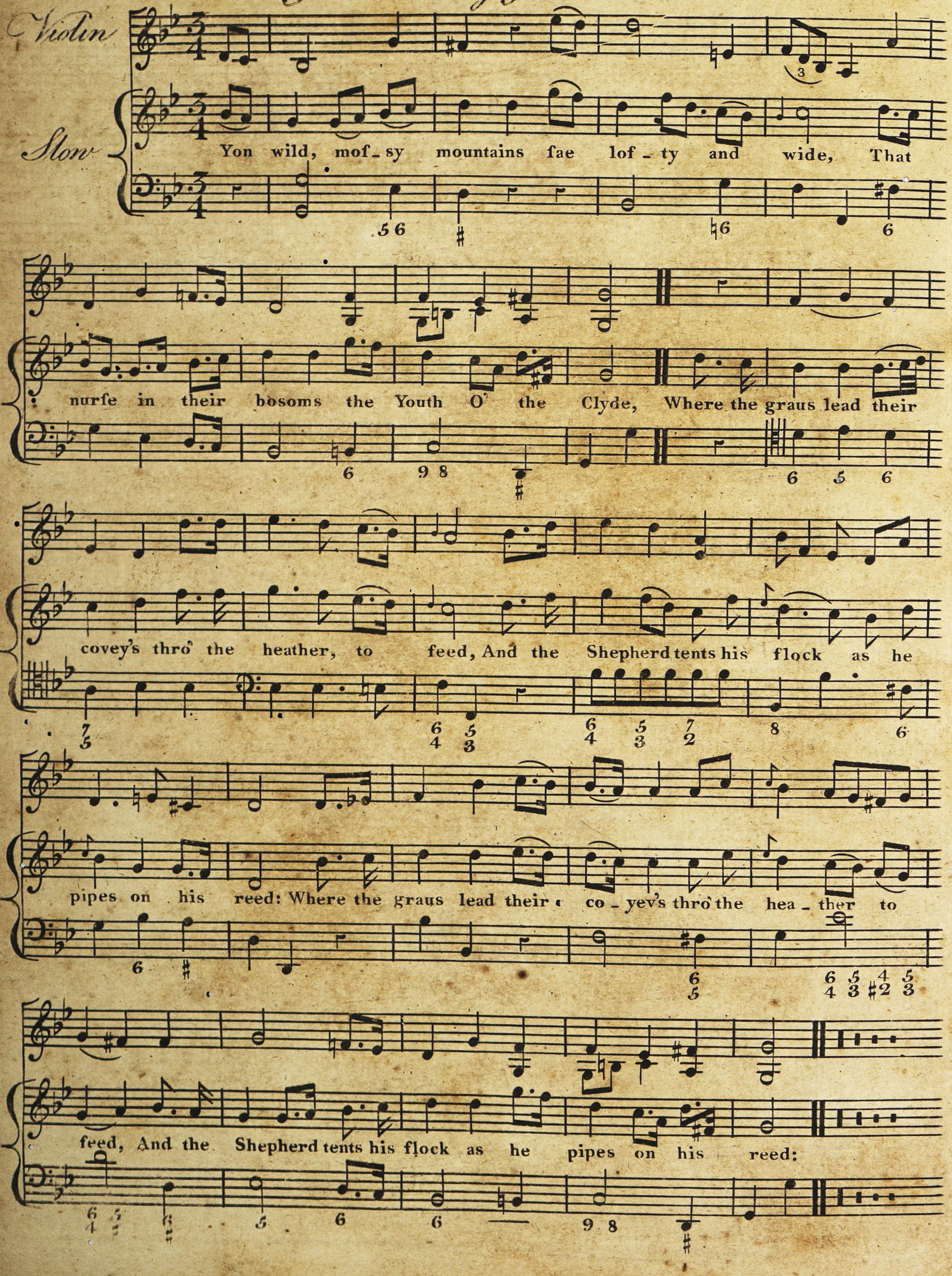
Then till 'er, and kill 'er wi' courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be a' ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Widow


Violin
Lively
Pizz:
The widow can bake, and the widow can brew, The widow can shape and the
Pizz:
Col'arco
widow can sew And mony bra things the widow can do; Then hay for the widow my Laddie.
Col'arco
What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown, Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town, Wi'
naething but draw in your ſtool and sit down, And sport wi' the widow my Lad - - die.

Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.



YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild moſſy mountains ſae lofty and wide,
That nurſe in their boſoms the youth o' the Clyde;
Where the grous lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the ſhepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed;
Where the grous lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the ſhepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's ſunny ſhores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild moſſy moors;
For there, by a lanely and ſoft-flowing ſtream,
Beſides a ſweet laſſie, my thought and my dream.
For there, &c.

Amang thae wild mountains ſhall ſtill be my path,
Ilk ſtream foaming down its ain green narrow ſtrath;
For there, wi' my laſſie, the day-lang I rove,
While fill'd with each bliſs glide the moments o' love.
For there, &c.

She is not the faireſt, altho' ſhe is fair;
O' nice education but ſma' is her ſhare:
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear laſſie becauſe ſhe lo'es me.
Her parentage, &c.

To beauty what man but maun yield her the prize,
In her armour of glances, and bluſhes, and ſighs;
And when Wit and Refinement ha'e poliſh'd her darts'
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
And when wit, &c.

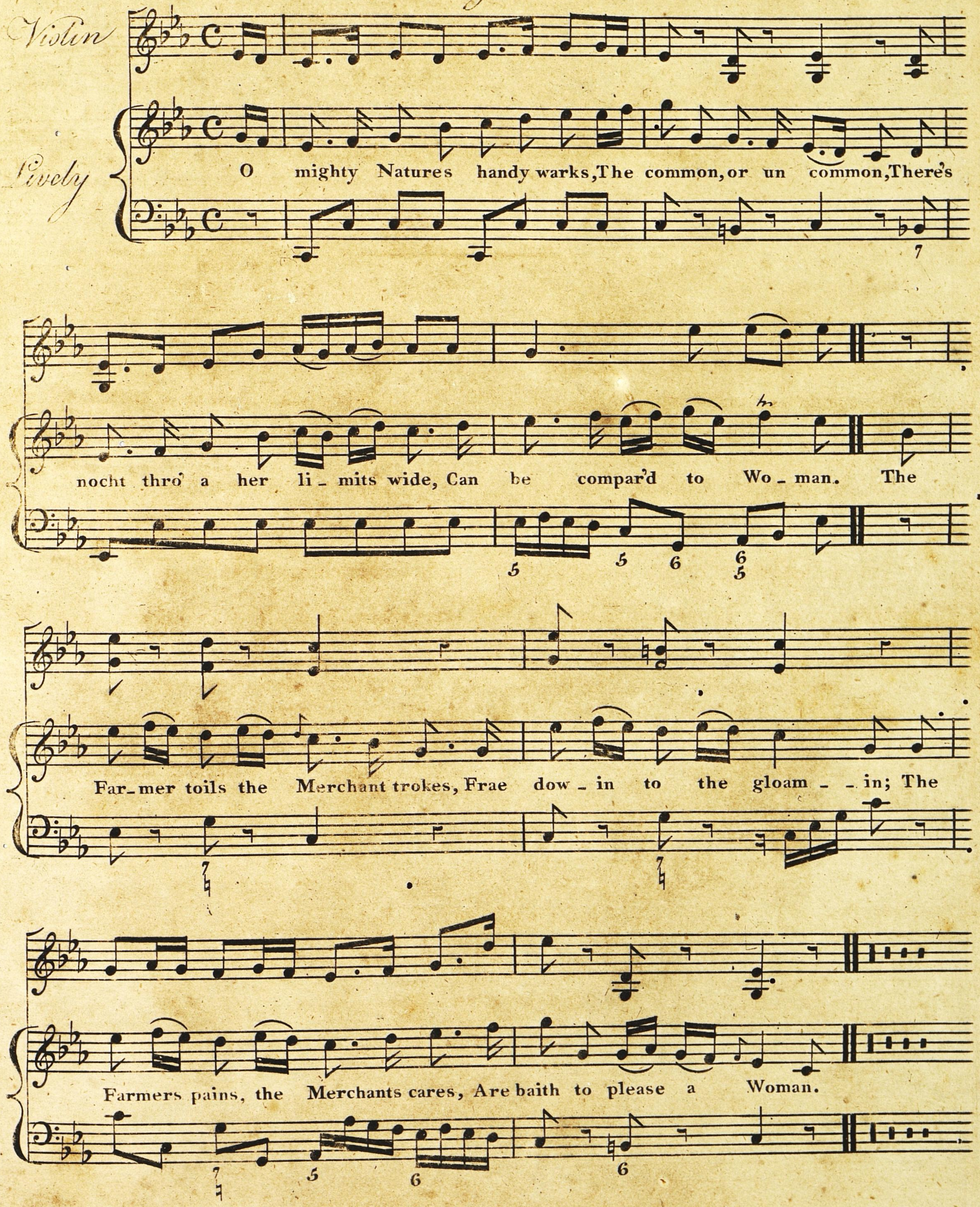
MY GODDESS WOMAN.

O' Mighty Nature's handywarks,
The common or uncommon,
There's nocht thro' a' her limits wide
Can be compar'd to woman.
The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,
Frae dawin to the gloamin;
The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,
Are baith to pleaſe a woman.

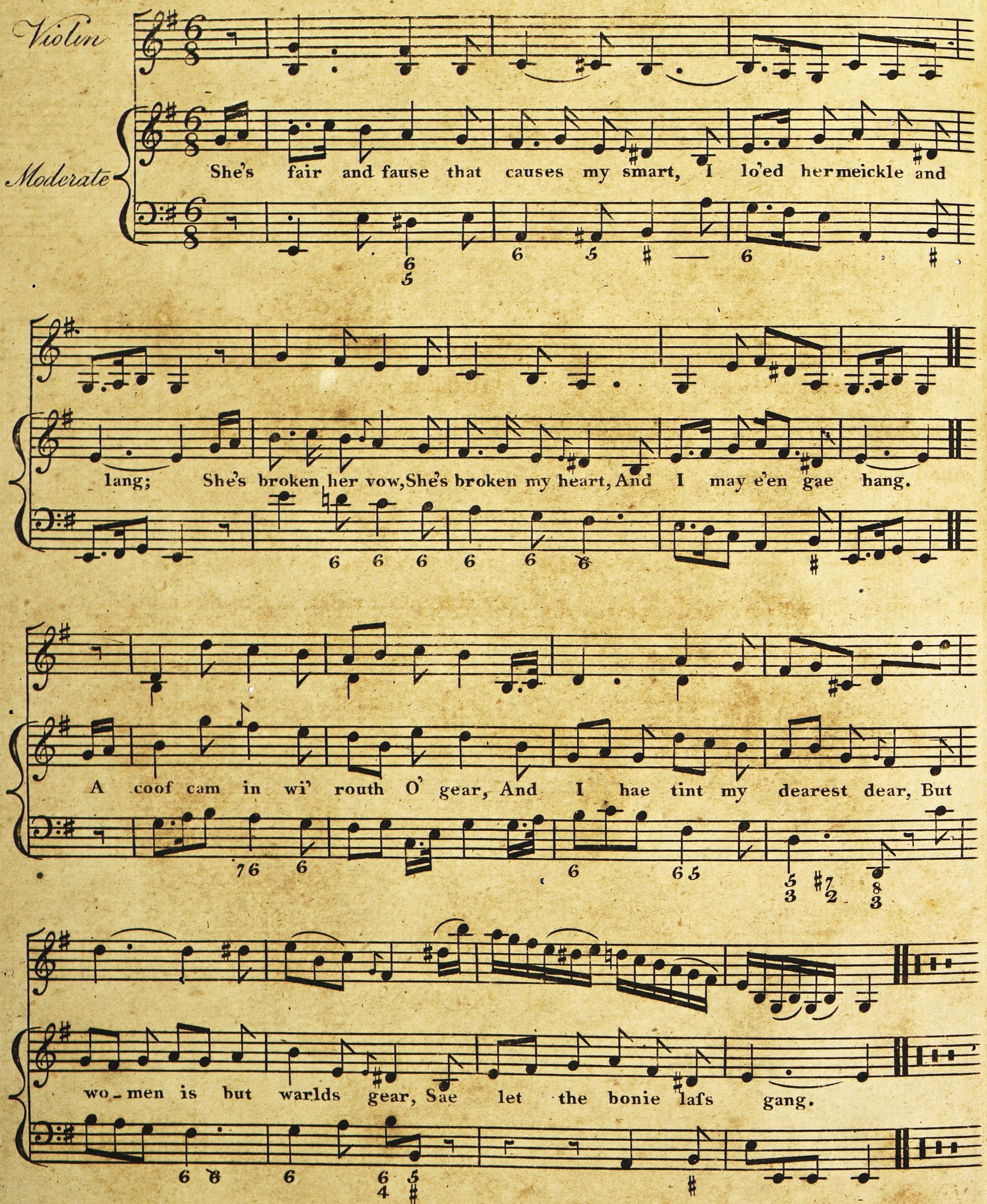
The ſailor ſpreads the daring ſail,
Thro' angry ſeas a foaming;
The jewels, gems o' foreign ſhores,
He gi'es to pleaſe a woman.
The ſodger fights o'er crimſon fields,
In diſtant climates roaming;
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
Before all-conquering woman.

A monarch leaves his lofty throne,
Wi' other men in common;
He flings aſide his crown, and kneels
A ſubject to a woman.
Tho' I had a' e'er man poſſeſs'd,
Barbarian, Greek, or Roman;
It wad nae a' be worth a ſtrae,
Without my goddeſs woman.

My Goddess Woman.



She's fair and fause.



SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

SHE's fair and fauſe that cauſes my ſmart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, ſhe's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my deareſt dear;
But women is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonny laſs gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle ſhe prove;
A woman has't by kind:
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel's form's fa'n to thy ſhare;
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,
I mean, an angel's mind.

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

COMIN thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes the gether.
CHO. *O'er the moor amang the heather,*
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes the gether.

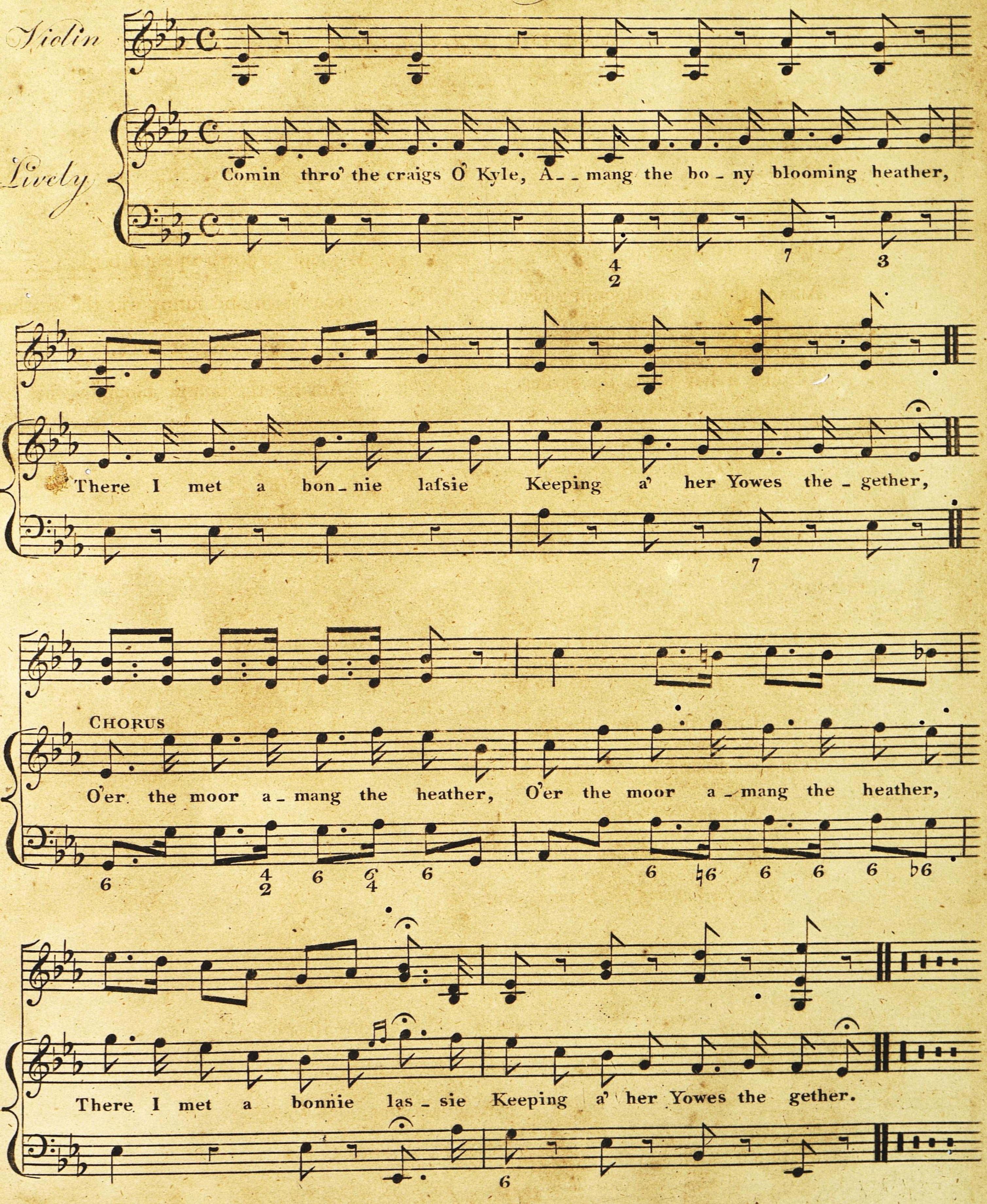
Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor, or dale? pray tell me whether.
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks,
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks,
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

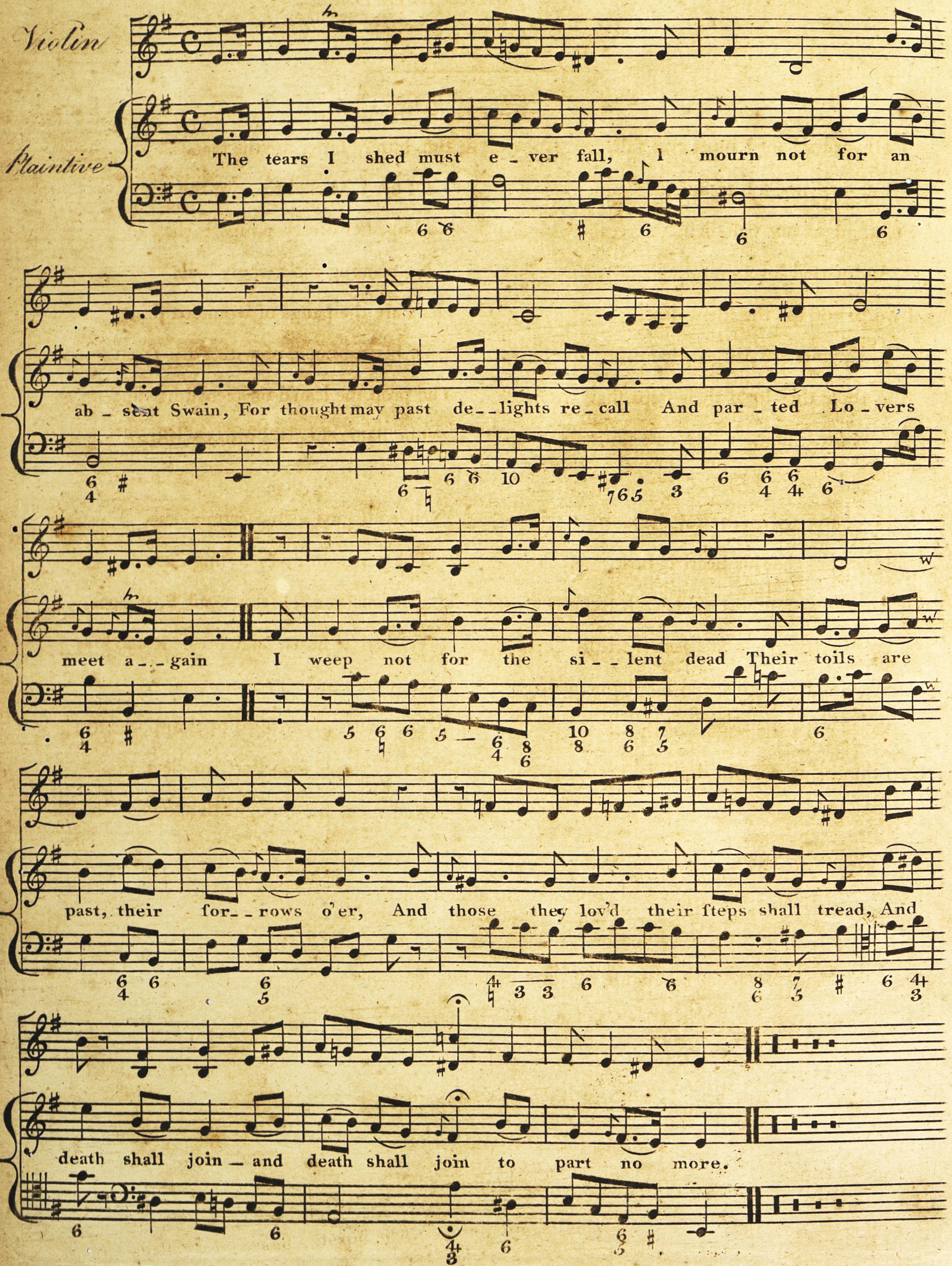
While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till Echo rang a mile and farther;
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was, o'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne
I could na think on ony ither;
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.
By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

O'er the Moor among the Heather.



The Tears I shed.



THE TEARS I SHED.

THE tears I ſhed muſt ever fall,
I mourn not for an abſent ſwain,
For thought my paſt delights recal,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the ſilent dead,
Their toils are paſt, their ſorrows o'er,
And thoſe they lov'd their ſteps ſhall tread,
And death ſhall join to part no more.

Tho' boundleſs oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conſcious tranſport glads each ſcene,
Soft is the ſigh, and ſweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
To think that even in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who ſlighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary proſpect chears,
No pleaſing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blaſted hope, of wither'd joy:
The prop ſhe lean'd on pierc'd her ſide,
The flame ſhe fed burns to deſtroy.

Even conſcious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due:
Ungen'rous youth! thy boaſt how poor,
To ſteal a heart, and break it too!
In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in tranſport's dye;
The ſad reverſe ſoon ſtarts to view,
And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Juſt what would make ſuſpicion ſtart;
No pauſe the dire extremes between,
He made me bleſt, and broke my heart!
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendleſs, forſaken, and forlorn,
The tears I ſhed muſt ever fall.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

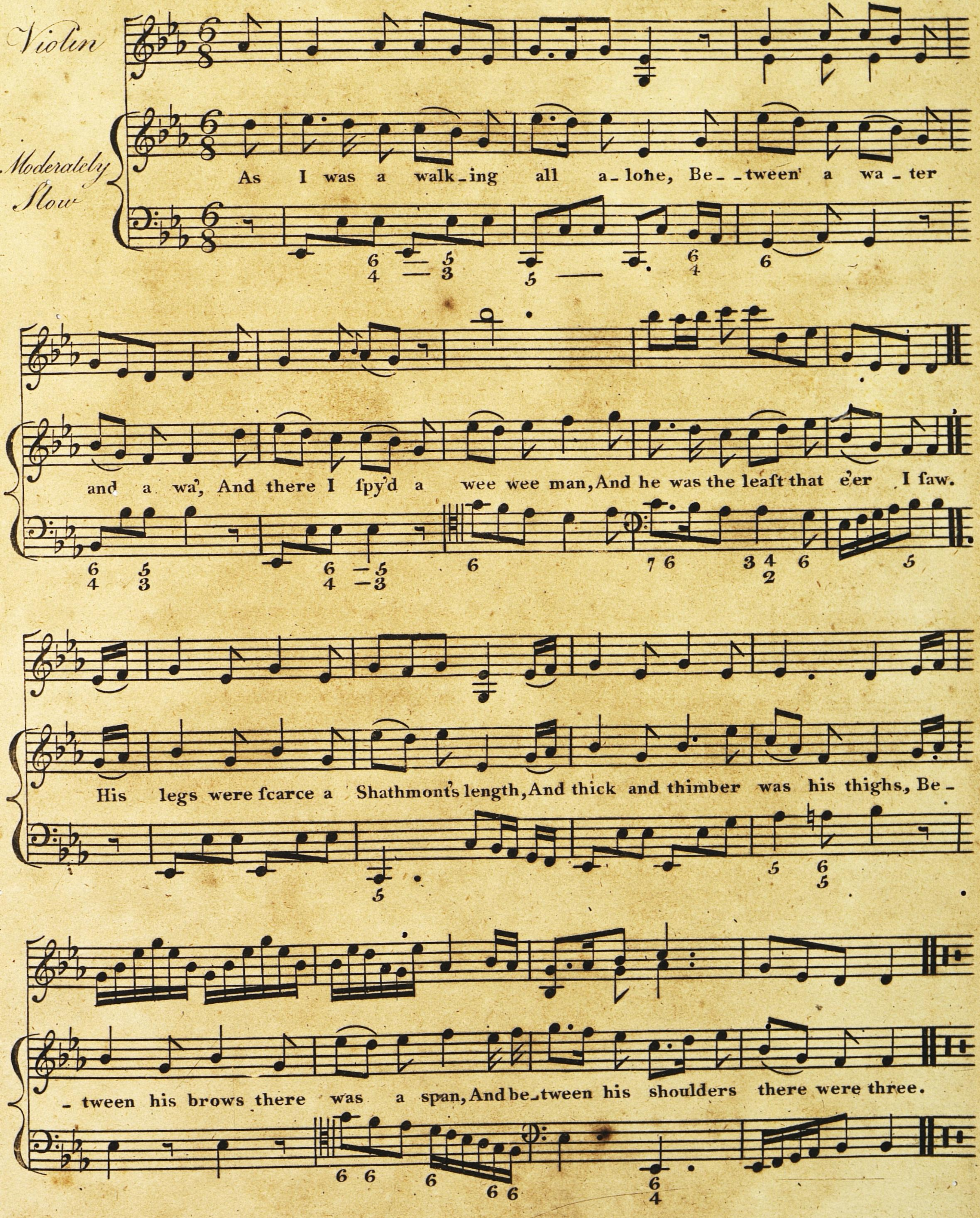
As I was awalking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa';
And there I ſpy'd a wee wee man,
 And he was the leaſt that e'er I ſaw.
His legs were ſcarce a ſhathmont's length,
 And thick and thimber were his thighs,
Between his brows there was a ſpan,
 And between his ſhoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle ſtane,
 And he flang't as far as I could ſee,
Though I had been a Wallace wight
 I coudna liften't to my knee;
O wee wee man, but thou be ſtrong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?
My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
 O will you go with me and ſee?

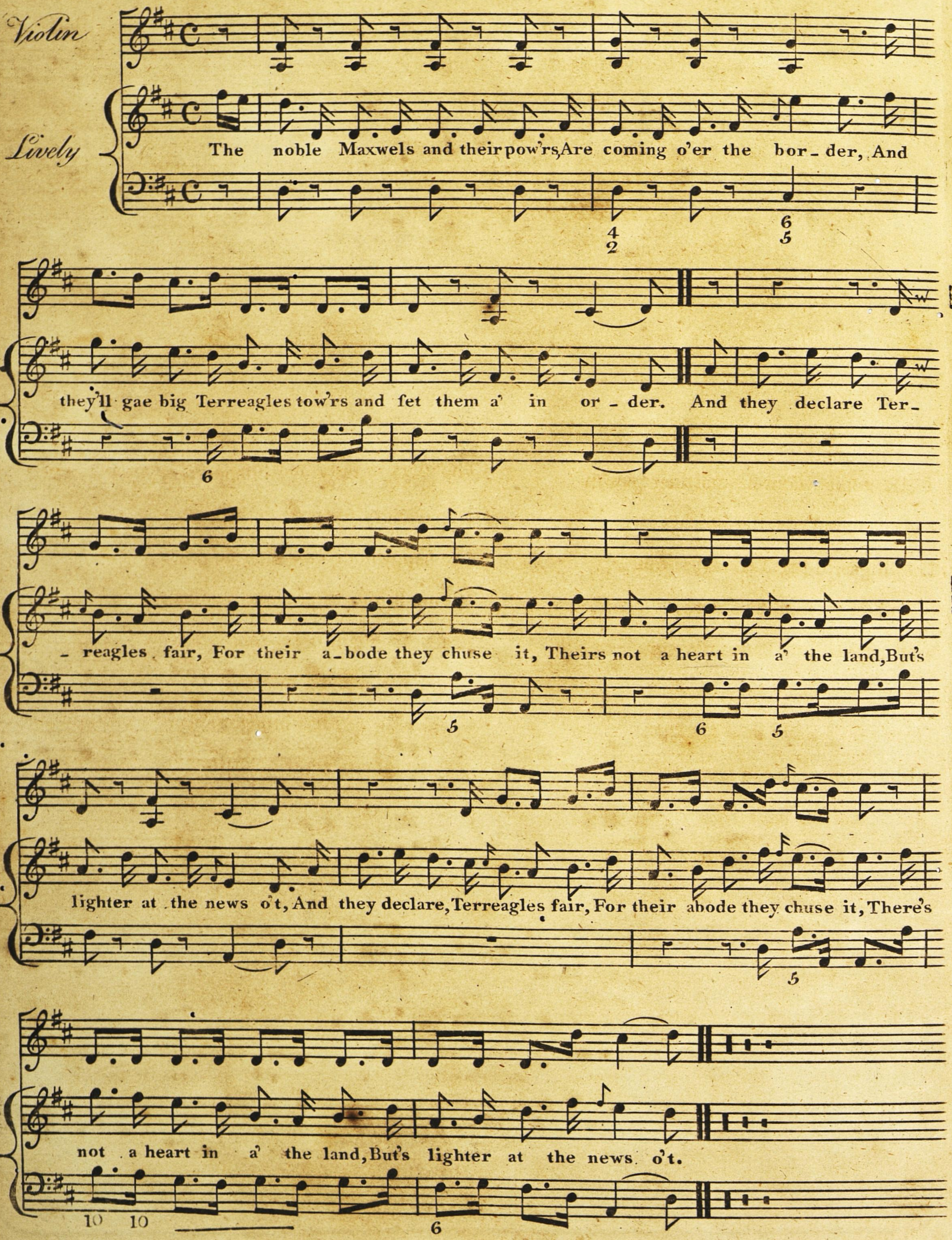
On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonnie green;
We lighted down for to bait our horſe,
 And out there came a lady fine.
Four and twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green:
Tho' the King of Scotland had been there,
 The warſt o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonnie ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten goud,
 And the floor was o' the cryſtal a'.
When we came to the ſtair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and ſma';
But in the twinkling of an eye,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.

The Wee Wee Man.



Nithsdall's Welcome hame.



NITHSDALL'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwels and their pow'rs
Are coming o'er the border;
They'll gae to big Terreagles' tow'rs,
And ſet them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuſe it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't,
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuſe it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' ſtars in ſkies may diſappear,
And angry tempeſts gather;
The happy hour may ſoon be near,
That brings us pleaſant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May ha'e a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' ſorrow.
The weary, &c.

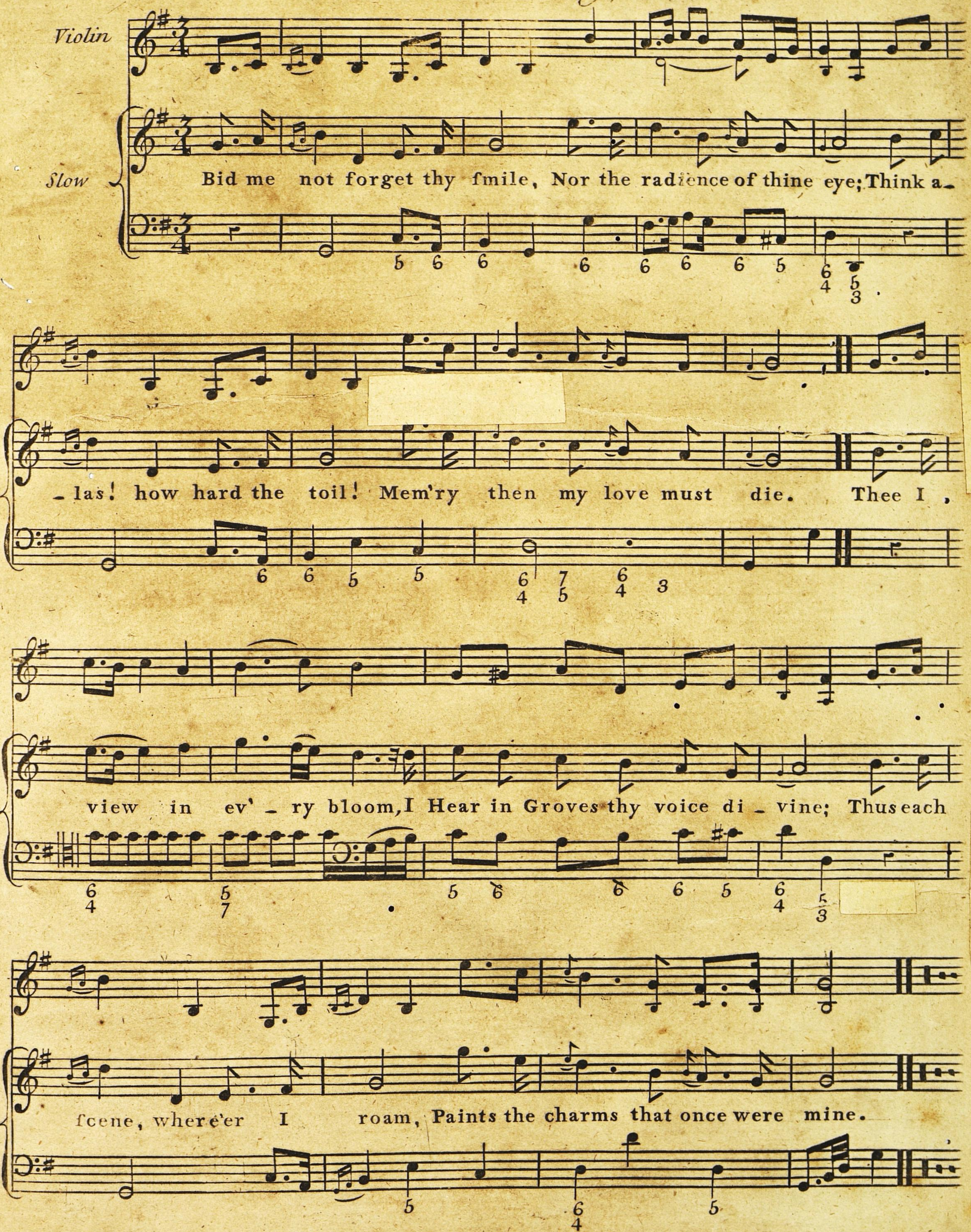
BID ME NOT FORGET.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

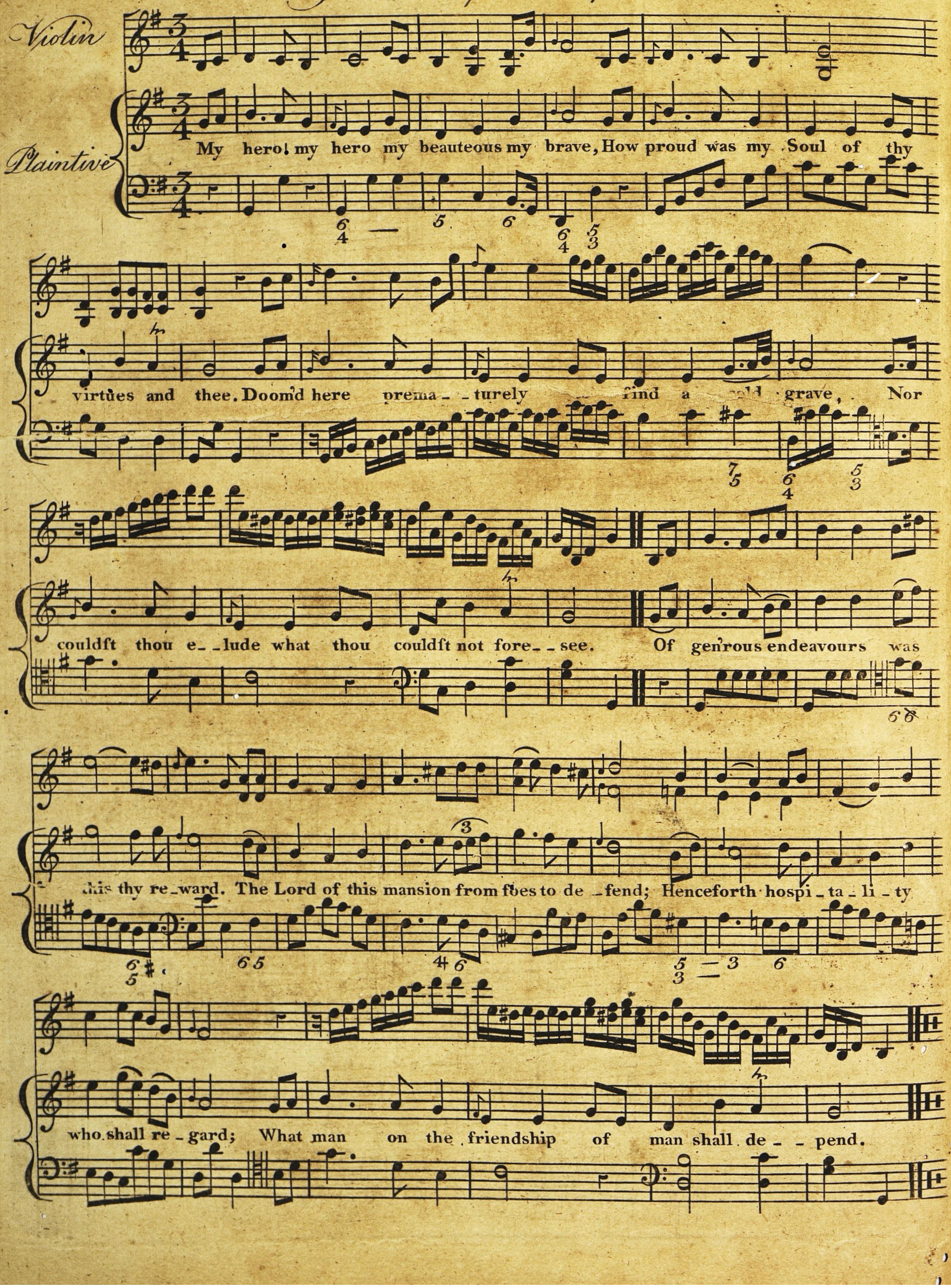
BID me not forget thy ſmile,
Nor the radiance of thine eye;
Think, alas! how hard the toil!
Mem'ry, then, my love muſt die.

Thee I view in ev'ry bloom;
Hear in groves thy voice divine;
Thus each ſcene, where'er I roam,
Paints the charms that once were mine.

Bid me not forget.



Lady Randolph's Complaint.



LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.

MY hero! my hero! my beauteous, my brave,
How proud was my ſoul of thy virtues and thee;
Doom'd here prematurely to find a cold grave,
Nor couldſt thou elude what thou couldſt not foreſee.
Of gen'rous endeavours, was this thy reward,
The lord of this manſion from foes to defend?
Henceforth hoſpitality who ſhall regard;
What man on the friendſhip of man ſhall depend.

With tranſport this day my fond heart overflow'd,
When keenly indulging the pleaſing preſage,
How warm with maternal affection it glow'd,
Midſt an offspring of thine whilſt I hop'd for old age!
Whoſe prattle endearing, and innocent play,
To me might the loſs of thy childhood atone;
Thoſe actions the fame of your houſe might diſplay,
Adorn'd with a huſband's dear name, and thy own.

Thy gallant deportment, thy exquiſite bloom,
Which mercileſs foes might with rapture admire;
With them my dear hopes are all quench'd in the tomb,
With thee they were born, and with thee they expire.
In conjugal union how ſhort my delight!
In a mother's high rank how much ſhorter my boaſt!
With planets malignant, no more let me fight,
No longer in life's cruel tempeſt be toſt!

Forgive, gracious powers, in compaſſion my ſtate,
Whilſt, by ſorrow compell'd, with reluctance I ſeize
The only ſweet moment reſerv'd me by fate,
The moment which renders me juſt what I pleaſe;
My Douglas, my darling, my glory, my pride!
How happy was I but to name thee my ſon!
For thee would to heav'n a fond mother had died,
Since living without thee, is living undone.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THE ſhepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The ſhepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Will ye come hame again e'en jo?

Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my ſupper,
Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?
Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my ſupper,
Gin I come hame again e'en jo?

Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige,
And butter in them, and butter in them:
Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige,
Gin ye will come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

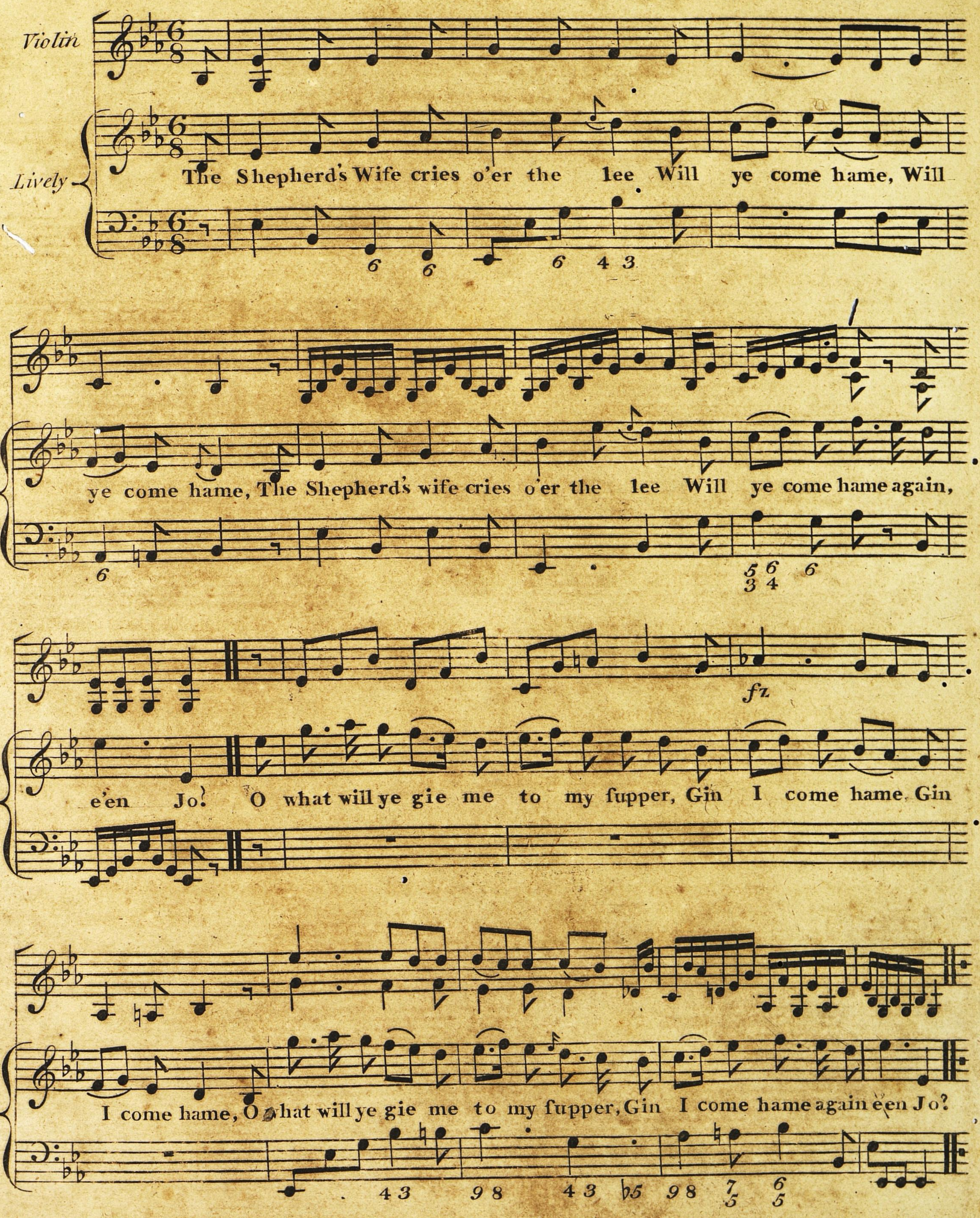
Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

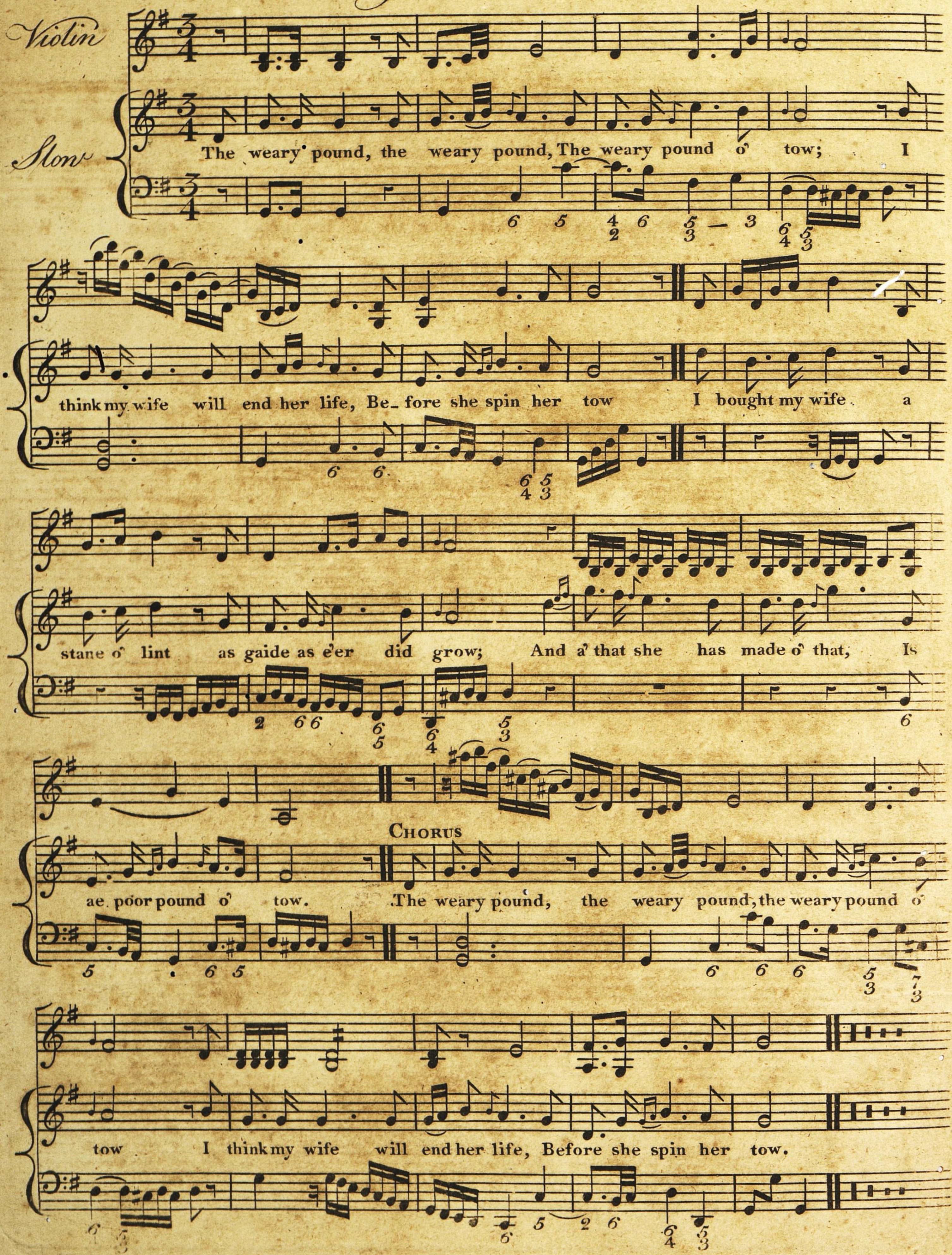
A weel made bed, and a pair of clean ſheets,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
A weel made bed, and a pair of clean ſheets,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

I, I, I, I; O that's for me,
I will come hame, I will come hame;
I, I, I, I; O that's for me,
I'll haſte me hame again e'en jo.

The Shepherds Wife.



The weary Pound o' Tow;



THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before ſhe ſpin her tow.
I bought my wife a ſtane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that ſhe has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund of tow.

CHO. *The weary pund, the weary pund,*
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before ſhe ſpin her tow.

There ſat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low;
And ay ſhe took the tither ſook,
To drook the ſtoorie tow.
The weary, &c. &c.

Quoth I, for ſhame ye dirty dame,
Gae ſpin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary, &c. &c.

At laſt her feet, I ſang to ſee't,
Gaed foremoſt o'er the knowe;
An or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary, &c. &c.

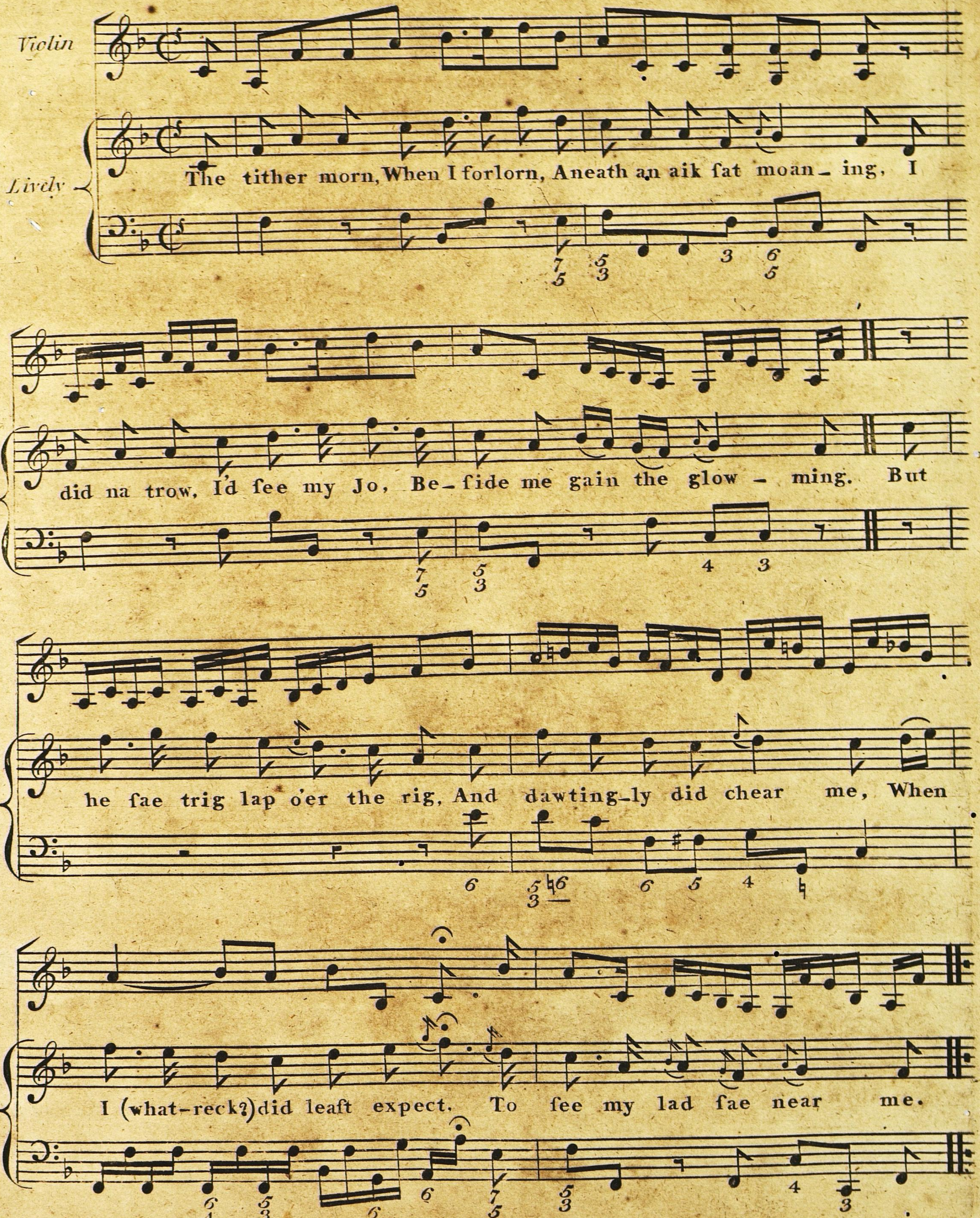
THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
When I, forlorn,
Aneath an aik ſat moaning;
I did na trow,
I'd see my jo,
Beſide me 'gain the glo'ming.
But he ſae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did chear me;
When I, what reck,
Did leaſt expect,
To ſee my lad ſae near me.

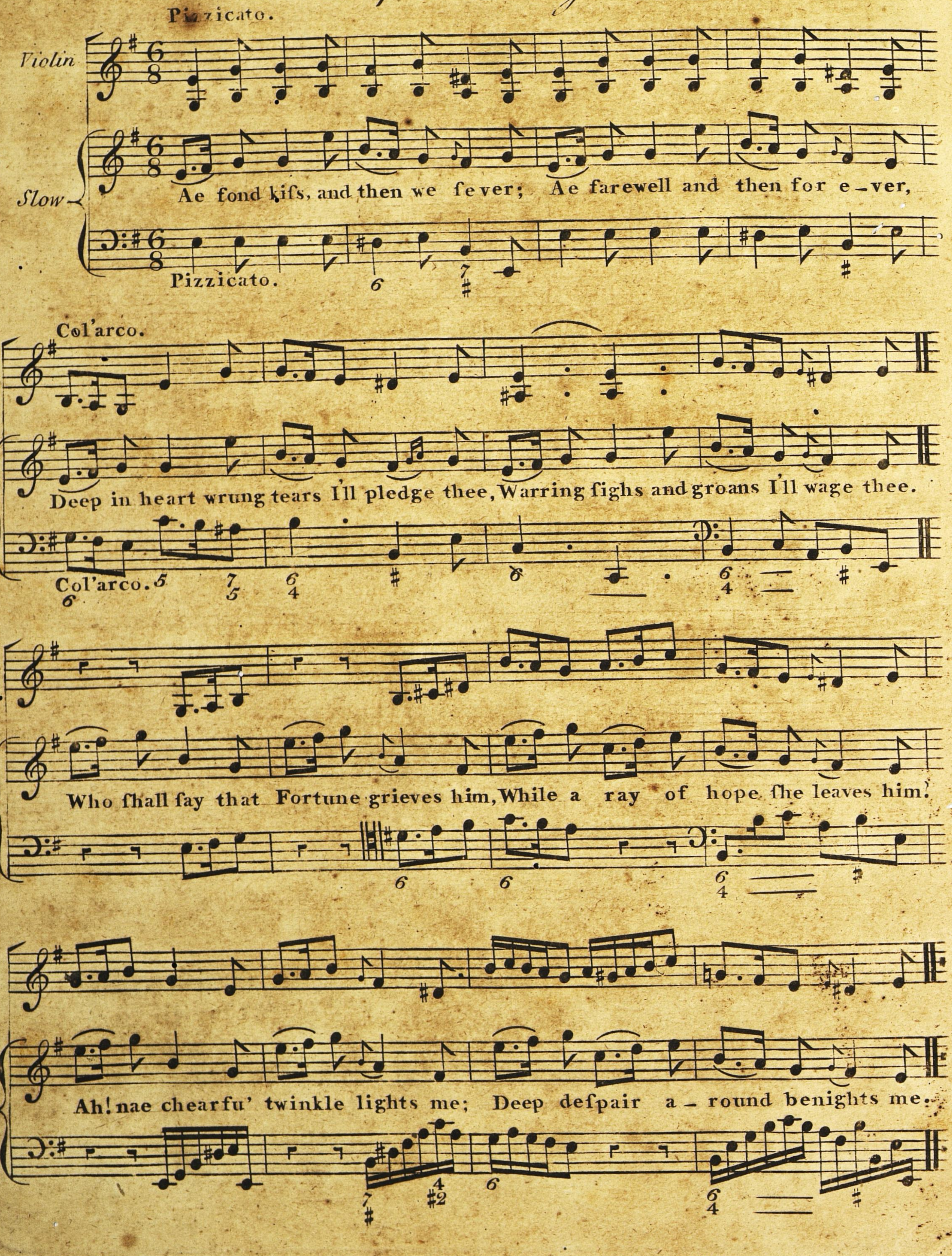
His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd ſpruſh when firſt he claſp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainneſs grat,
While in his grips he preſs'd me;
De'il tak the war,
I late and air
Ha'e wiſh'd ſince Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As ſhortſyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae ſad was I,
In abſence o' my deary;
But praiſe be bleſt!
My mind's at reſt,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'ſe ay be there;
And be as canty's ony.

The tither morn.



Ae fond Kiss.


Pizzicato.
Violin
Slow
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever; Ae farewell and then for e-ver,
Pizzicato.
Col'arco.
Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Col'arco.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While a ray of hope she leaves him!
Ah! nae chearfu' twinkle lights me; Deep despair a-round benights me.

AE FOND KISS.

AE fond kiſs, and then we ſever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring ſighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who ſhall ſay that fortune grieves him,
While a ray of hope ſhe leaves him?
Ah! nae chearfu' twinkle lights me;
Deep deſpair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could reſiſt my Nancy:
But to ſee her was to love her;
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd ſae kindly,
Had we never lov'd ſae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou firſt and faireſt!
Fare thee weel, thou beſt and deareſt!
Thine be ilka joy and treaſure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleaſure!
Ae fond kiſs, and then we ſever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring ſighs and groans I'll wage thee.

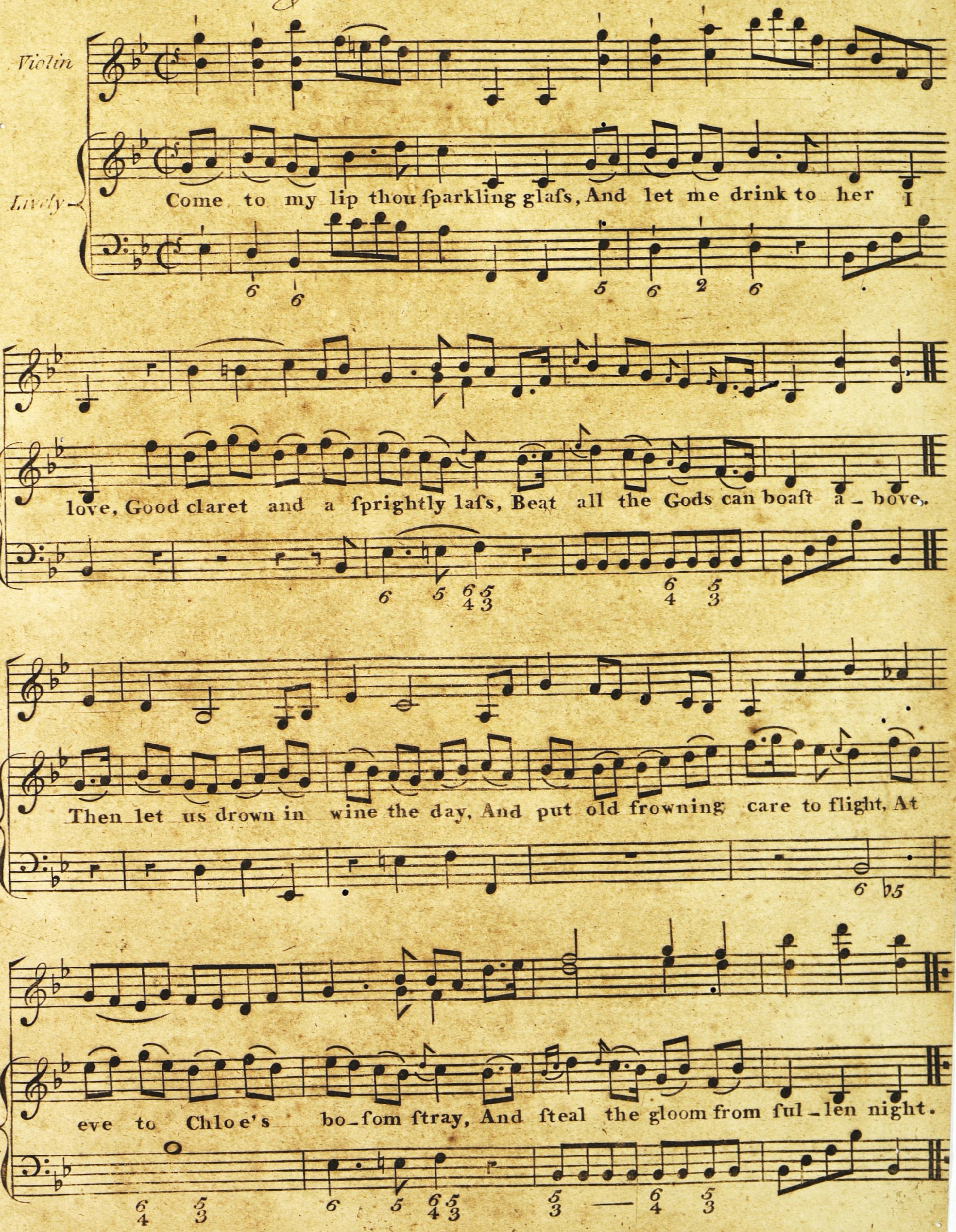
JENNY DRINKS NAE WATER.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

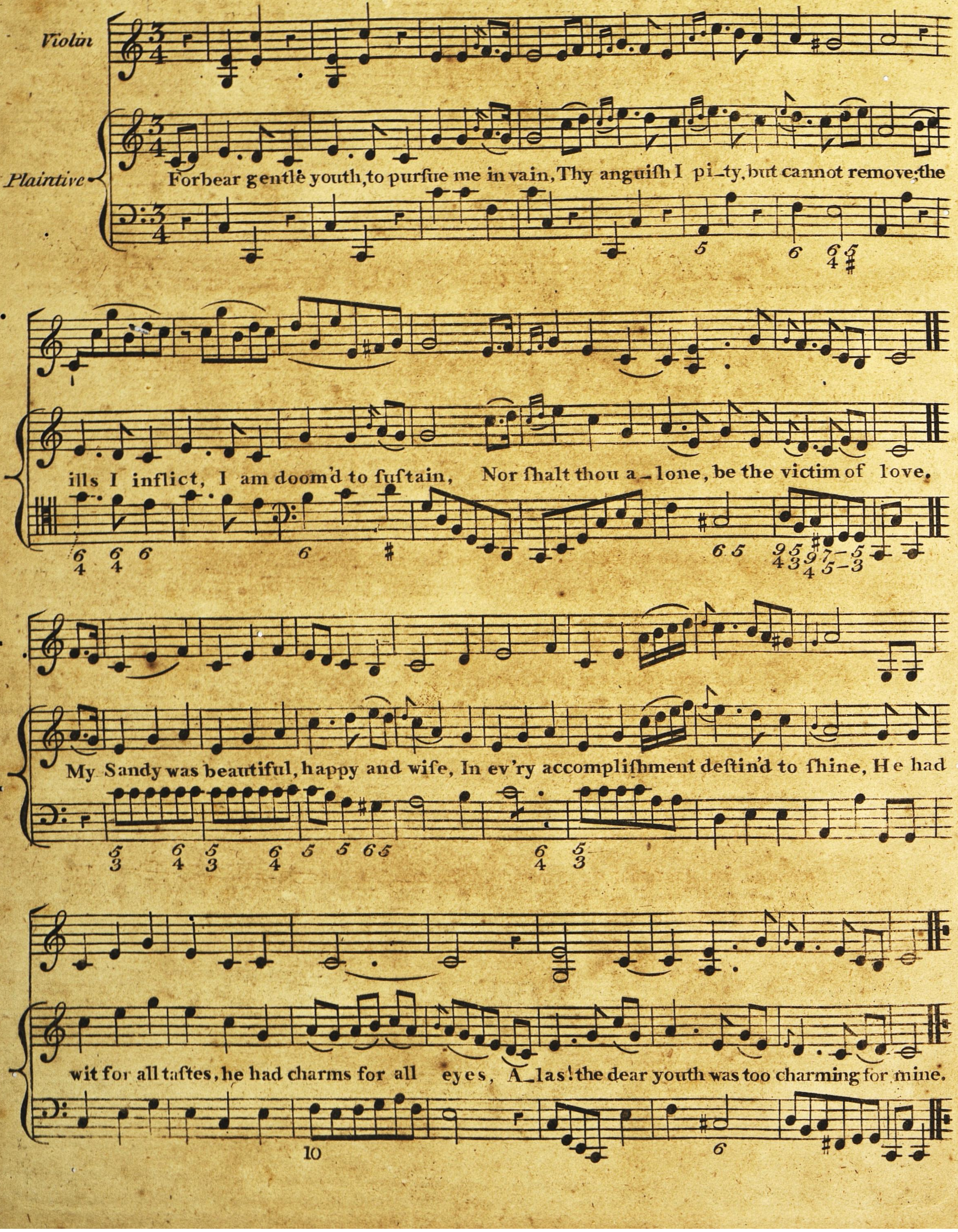
COME to my lip thou ſparkling glaſs,
And let me drink to her I love;
Good claret, and a ſprightly laſs,
Beat all the gods can boaſt above.

Then let us drown in wine the day,
And put old frowning Care to flight;
At eve to Cloe's boſom ſtray,
And ſteal the gloom from ſullen night.

Jenny Drinks nae Water



The Vain Pursuit.



THE VAIN PURSUIT.

FORBEAR, gentle youth, to purſue me in vain,
Thy anguiſh I pity but cannot remove;
The ills I inflict I am doom'd to ſuſtain,
Nor ſhalt thou alone be the victim of love.
My Sandy was beautiful, happy and wiſe,
In ev'ry accompliſhment deſtin'd to ſhine;
He had wit for all taſtes, he had charms for all eyes,
Alas! the dear youth was too charming for mine.

He ſaw me, he lov'd me, his paſſion confeſs'd,
The ſoft declaration ſtill ſounds in my ear;
My image, he ſaid, on his ſoul was impreſs'd,
And faithful his flame, as his heart was ſincere.
His wiſhes, tho' fond, I as fondly repaid,
For oh! a warm heart it is eaſy to gain,
Which vows and profeſſions already perſuade;
Our pleaſure was mutual, and mutual our pain.

Still fortune relentleſs our union denied,
In queſt of more treaſure to India he went;
But there, hapleſs youth, to my ſorrow he died,
And left me for ever his fate to lament.
Gay hopes and delightful preſages adieu,
Adieu ye ſoft whiſpers of tender deſire;
From thee, my dear ſwain, theſe emotions firſt grew,
In deep diſappointment with thee they expire.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

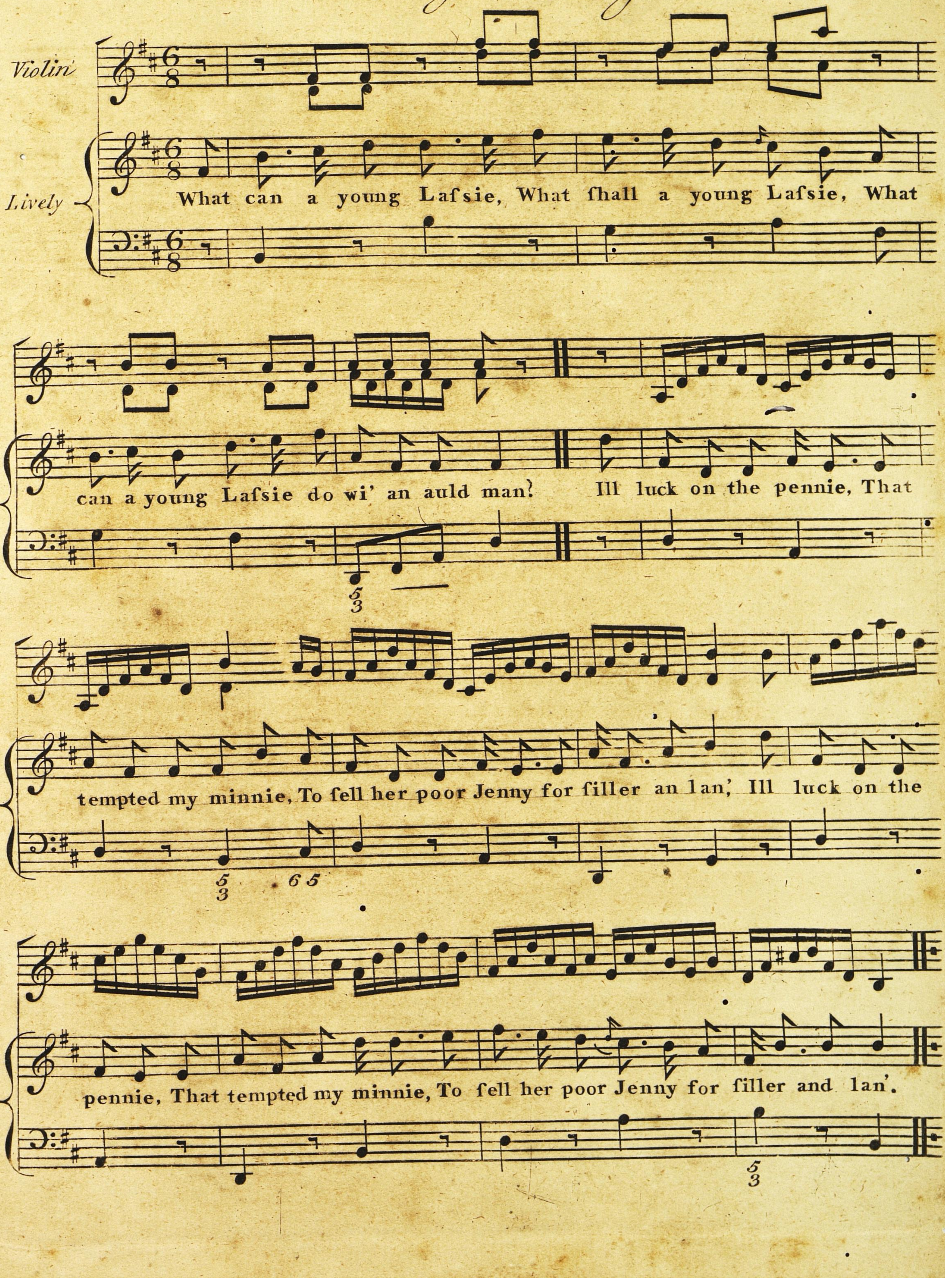
WHAT can a young laſſie, what ſhall a young laſſie,
What can a young laſſie do wi' an auld man;
Ill luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie,
To ſell her poor Jenny for ſiller an lan'.
Ill luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He horts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozen, his blude it is frozen;
O! dreary's the night wi' a feckleſs auld man!
He's doylt, &c.

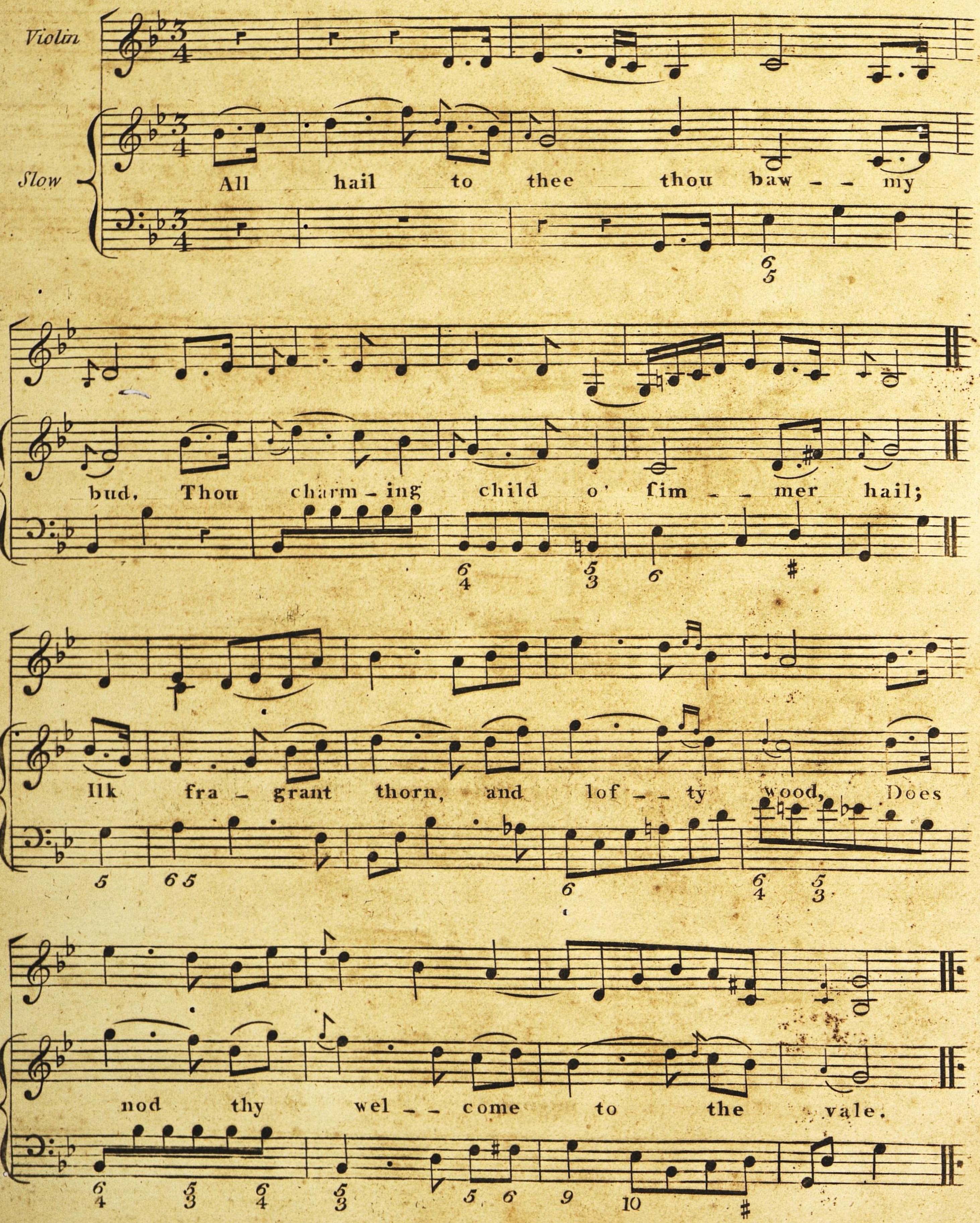
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can pleaſe him do a' that I can;
He's peeviſh, and jealous of a' the young fellows;
O! dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peeviſh, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll croſs him and wrack him until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld braſs will buy me a new pan.
I'll do, &c.

What can a young Lafsie do.



The Rose Bud.


Violin
Slow
All hail to thee thou baw - - my
bud, Thou charm - ing child o' fim - - mer hail;
Ilk fra - grant thorn, and lof - - ty wood, Does
nod thy wel - - come to the vale.

THE ROSE-BUD.

ALL hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,
Thou charming child o' ſimmer, hail!
Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form
Glad Phœbus ſmiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has ſhed the tears o' ſilent joy.

The tunefu' tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' ſangs o' joy thy preſence hail;
Then haſte thou bawmy fragrant flower,
And gi'e thy boſom to the gale.

Behold the little roving bee,
With airy wheel and ſoothing hum,
Flies ceaſeleſs round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthleſs Liza paſs this way,
She'll poo thee frae thy thorny ſtem;
A while thou'lt grace her virgin breaſt,
But ſoon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah! ſhort, too ſhort thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou muſt;
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou bloomſt, alas! to mix with duſt.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the ſimmer roſe,
In time ſhall wither and decay.

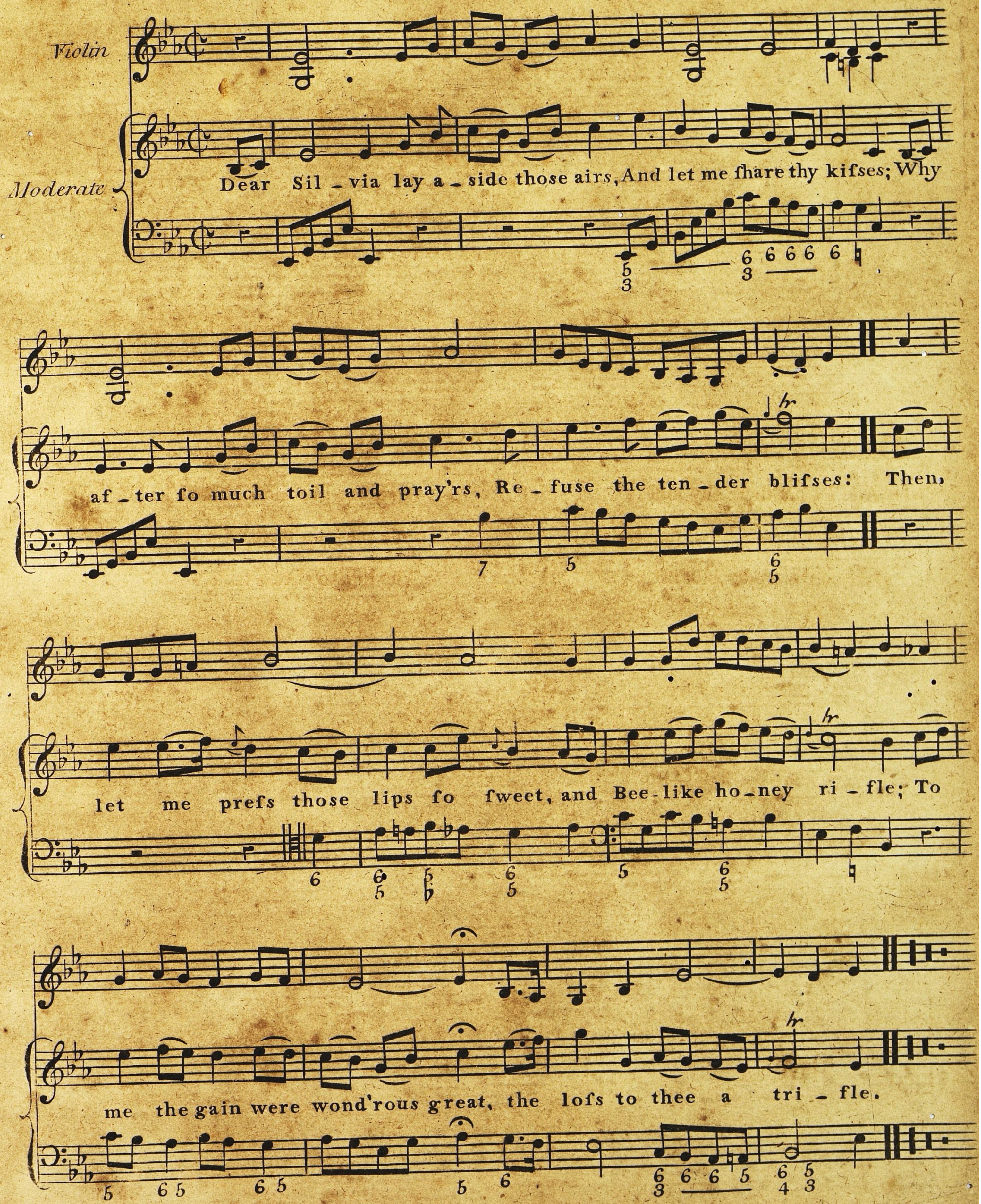
DEAR SILVIA.

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

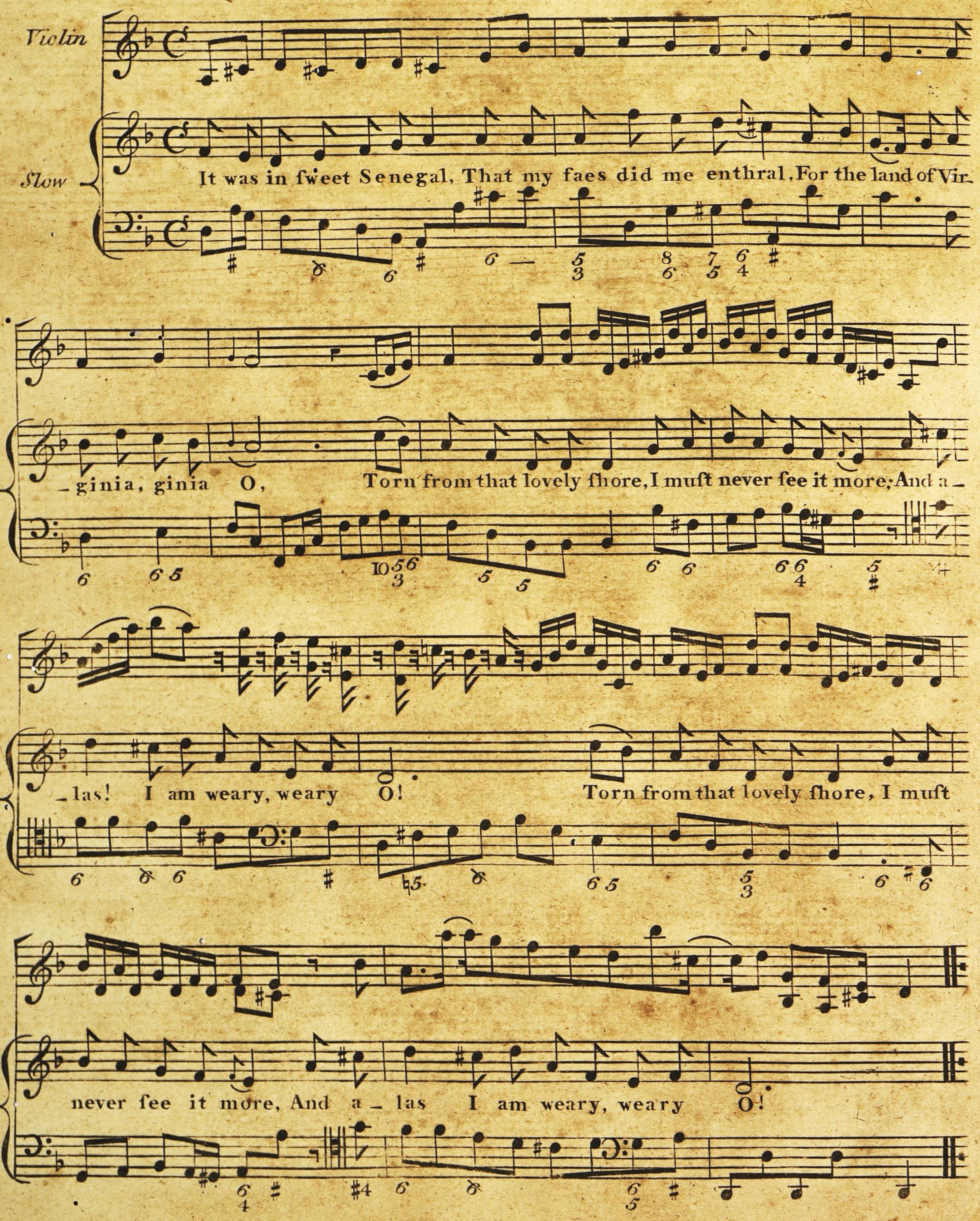
DEAR Silvia lay aſide thoſe airs,
And let me ſhare thy kiſſes;
Why, after ſo much toil and pray'rs,
Refuſe the tender bliſſes?

Then let me preſs thoſe lips ſo ſweet,
And, bee-like, honey rifle!
To me the gain were wond'rous great,
The loſs to thee a trifle.

Dear Silvia.


Violin
Moderato
Dear Sil_via lay a_side those airs, And let me ſhare thy kiſses; Why
af_ter ſo much toil and pray'rs, Re_fuse the ten_der bliſses: Then,
let me preſs those lips ſo ſweet, and Bee_like ho_ney ri_fle; To
me the gain were wond'rous great, the loſs to thee a tri_fle.

The Slave's Lament



THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

IT was in ſweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia—ginia O;
Torn from that lovely ſhore, I muſt never ſee it more,
And alas! I am weary, weary O!
Torn from, &c.

All on that charming coaſt is no bitter ſnow and froſt,
Like the lands of Virginia—ginia O;
There ſtreams for ever flow, and there flow'rs for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O!
There ſtreams, &c.

The burden I muſt bear, while the cruel ſcourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia—ginia O;
And I think on friends moſt dear, with the bitter bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O!
And I think, &c.

THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

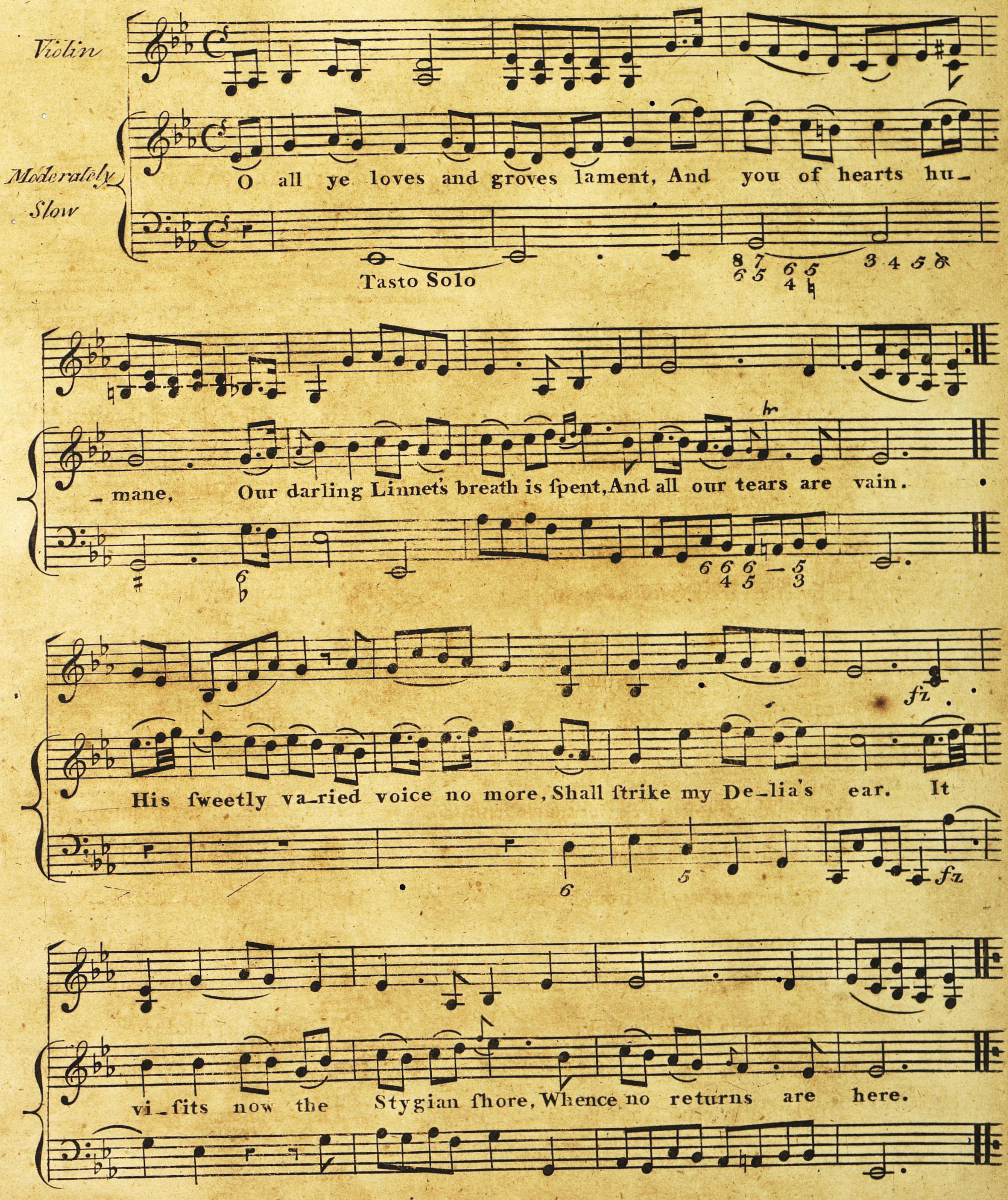
O, ALL ye loves and groves lament!
And you of hearts humane;
Our darling linnet's breath is ſpent,
And all our tears are vain.
Its ſweetly varied voice no more
Shall ſtrike my Delia's ear;
It viſits now the Stygian ſhore,
Whence no returns are here.

Sweet bird! whoſe quick inſtinctive ſenſe
As well my Delia knew;
As ſhe her mother, far from hence
You prematurely flew:
No more ſhalt thou expecting ſtand,
From her a boon to wait;
No more pick ſugar from her hand,
Detain'd by cruel fate.

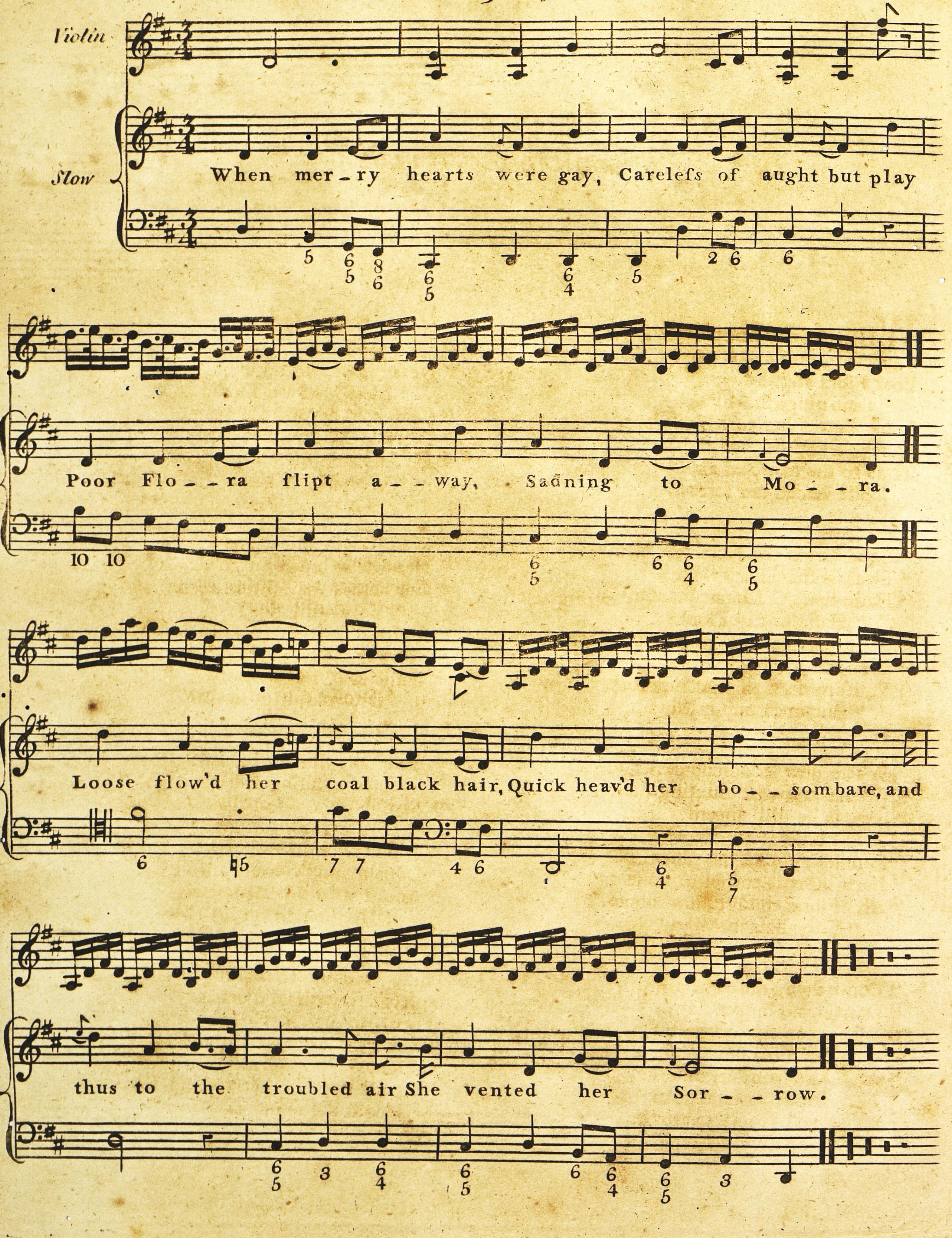
No more, when danger threatens nigh,
Shalt thou aſcend the wind;
To Delia's gentle boſom fly,
There ſweet aſylum find.
For ever ſtopt thy buſy wing,
Thy tongue in ſilence lies;
No kind return of grateful Spring
Again ſhall bid thee riſe.

Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame
Our sight no more ſhall charm;
Thy loſs the deepeſt woe ſhall claim,
The brighteſt eyes diſarm.
Long ſhall my Delia mourn thy doom,
With undiſſembled woe,
Before her clouded charms reſume
Their animating glow.

The Death of the Linnet.



Donald & Flora



DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Carelefs of ought but play,
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sadd'ning, to Mora:
Loofe flow'd her coal-black hair,
Quick heav'd her bofom bare;
Thus to the troubled air
She vented her forrow.

" Loud howls the Northern blaft,
" Bleak is the dreary wafte;
" Hafte thee, O Donald! hafte,
" Hafte to thy Flora:
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since, on a foreign fhore,
" You promis'd to fight no more,
" But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donald dear?
" (Maids cry with taunting fneer),
" Say, is he ftill fincere
" To his lov'd Flora?
" Parents upbraid my moan,
" Each heart is turn'd to ftone;
" Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
" Friendlefs in Mora!

" Come then, oh come away!
" Donald, no longer ftay;
" Where can my rover ftray
" From his dear Flora?
" Ah! fure he ne'er could be
" Falfe to his vows and me;
" O heaven! is not yonder he,
" Bounding in Mora?"

" Never, O wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the fad meffenger),
" Never shall Donald mair
" Meet his lov'd Flora!
" Cold, cold beyond the main,
" Donald, thy love, lies flain;
" He fent me to footh thy pain,
" Weeping in Mora.

" Well fought our gallant men;
" Headed by brave Burgoyne,
" Our heroes were thrice led on
" To Britifh glory:
" But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was the lofs to thee,
" While ev'ry frefh victory
" Drown'd us in forrow.

" Here take this trufty blade
" (Donald expiring faid),
" Give it to yon dear maid,
" Weeping in Mora:
" Tell her, oh Allen! tell,
" Donald moft bravely fell,
" And that in his laft farewel
" He thought on his Flora."

Mute ftood the trembling fair,
Speechlefs with wild defpair;
Then, ftriking her bofom bare,
Sigh'd out, poor Flora!
O Donald! oh welladay!
Was all the fond heart could fay;
At length the found died away
Feebly in Mora.

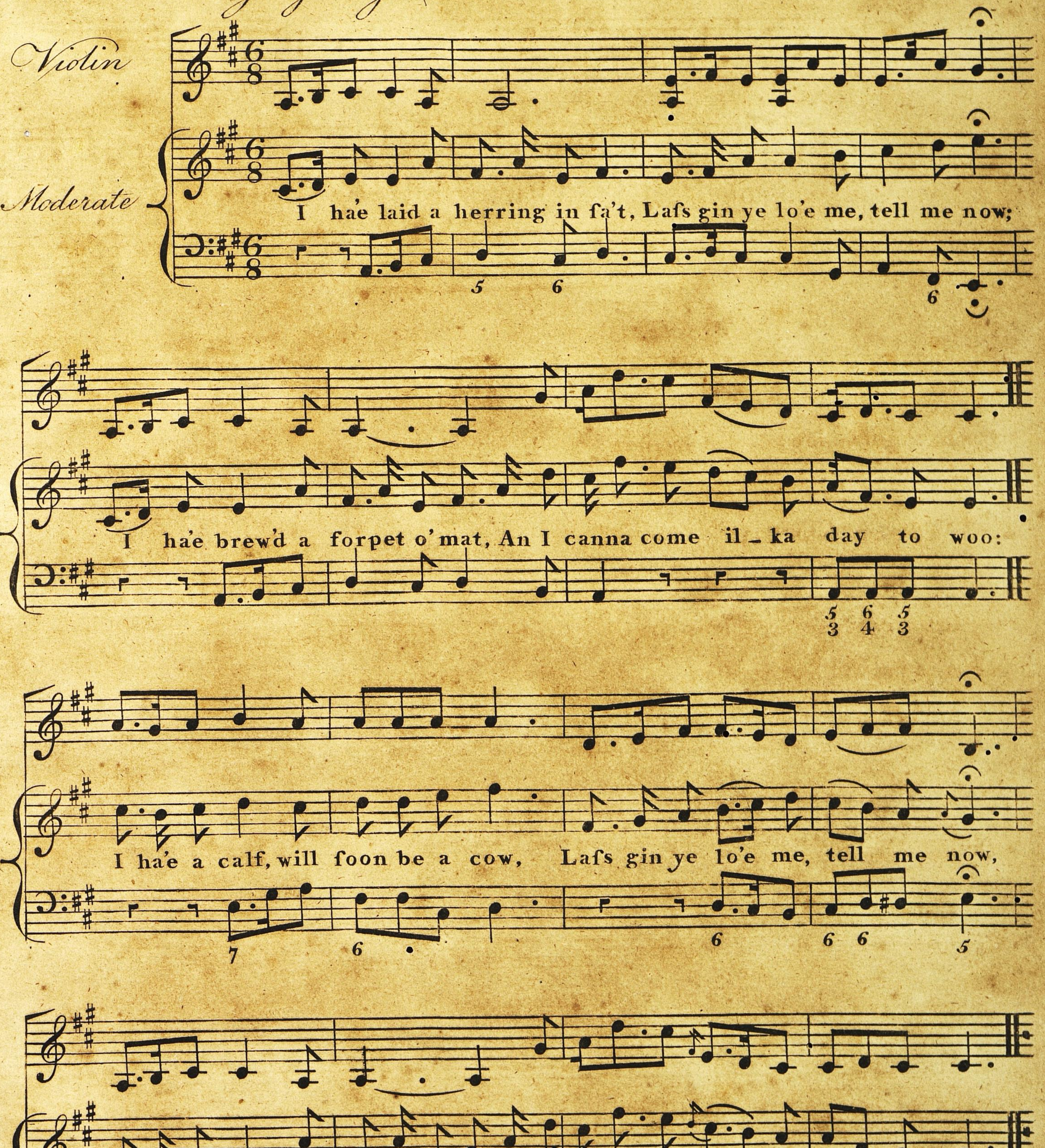
LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOW.

I HA'E laid a herring in ſa't,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo:
I ha'e a calf will ſoon be a cow,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e a pig will ſoon be a ſow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

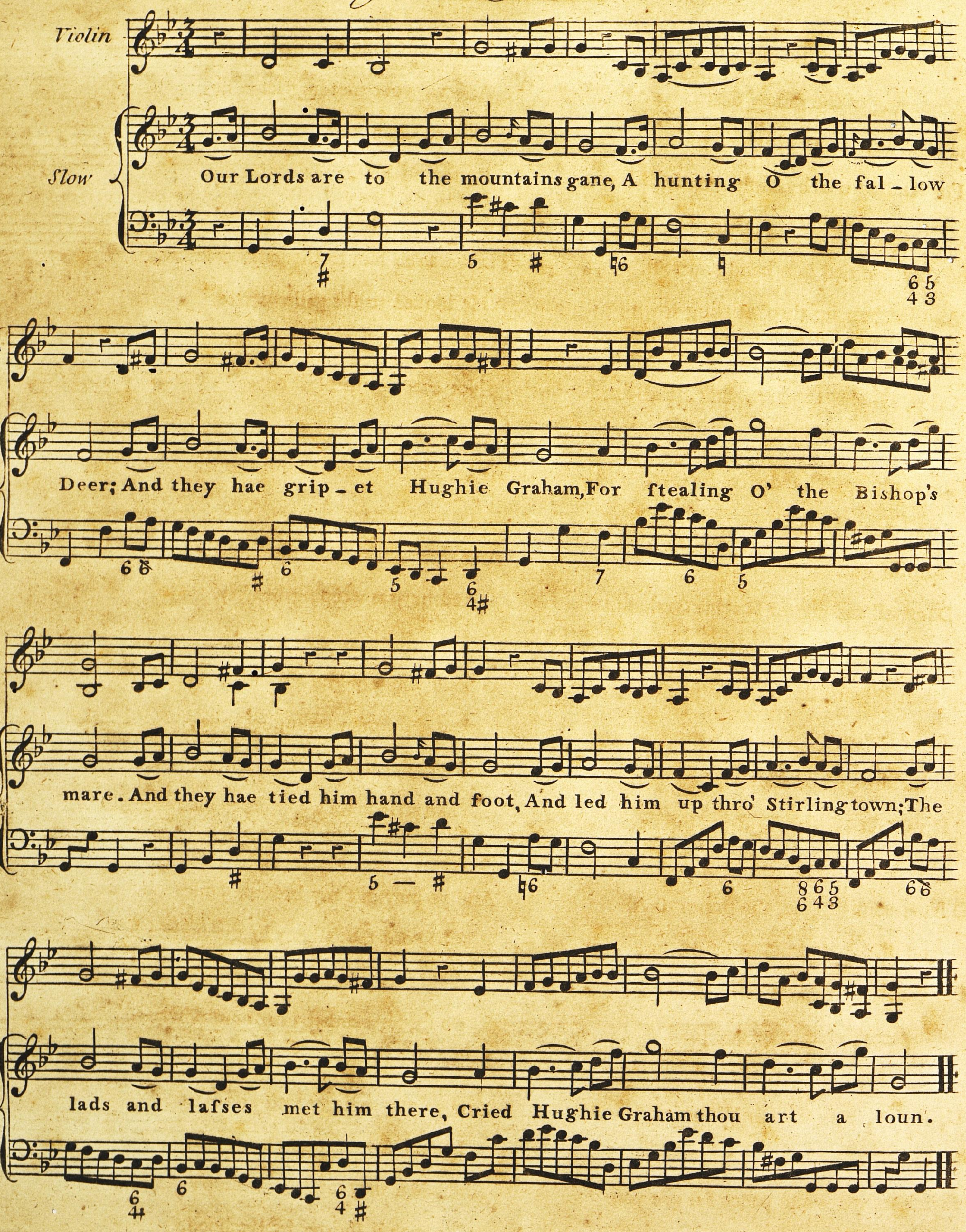
I've a houſe on yonder muir,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three ſparrows may dance on the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo:
I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I h'ae three chickens and a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now,
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo:
I ha'e a kebbock upon my ſhelf,
Laſs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I downa eat it a' myſelf,
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;



Hughie Graham.



HUGHIE GRAHAM.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
A hunting o' the fallow deer;
And they ha'e gripet Hughie Graham,
For ſtealing o' the Biſhop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and laſſes met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun.

O lowſe my right hand free, he ſays,
And put my braid-ſword in the ſame,
He's no in Stirling town this day
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then beſpake the brave Whitefoord,
As he ſat by the Biſhop's knee,
Five hundred white ſtots I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the Biſhop ſays,
And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day ſhall die.

Up then beſpake the fair Whitefoord,
As ſhe ſat by the Biſhop's knee,
Five hundred white pence I'll gi'e you
If ye'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Its for my honour he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about
To ſee whatever he could ſpy,
And there he ſaw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's ſairer on my heart
Than a' that they can do to me:

And ye may gi'e my brother James
My ſword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock
To ſee his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did diſgrace their blood;
And when they meet the Biſhop's cloak,
To mak it ſhorter by the hood.

ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.

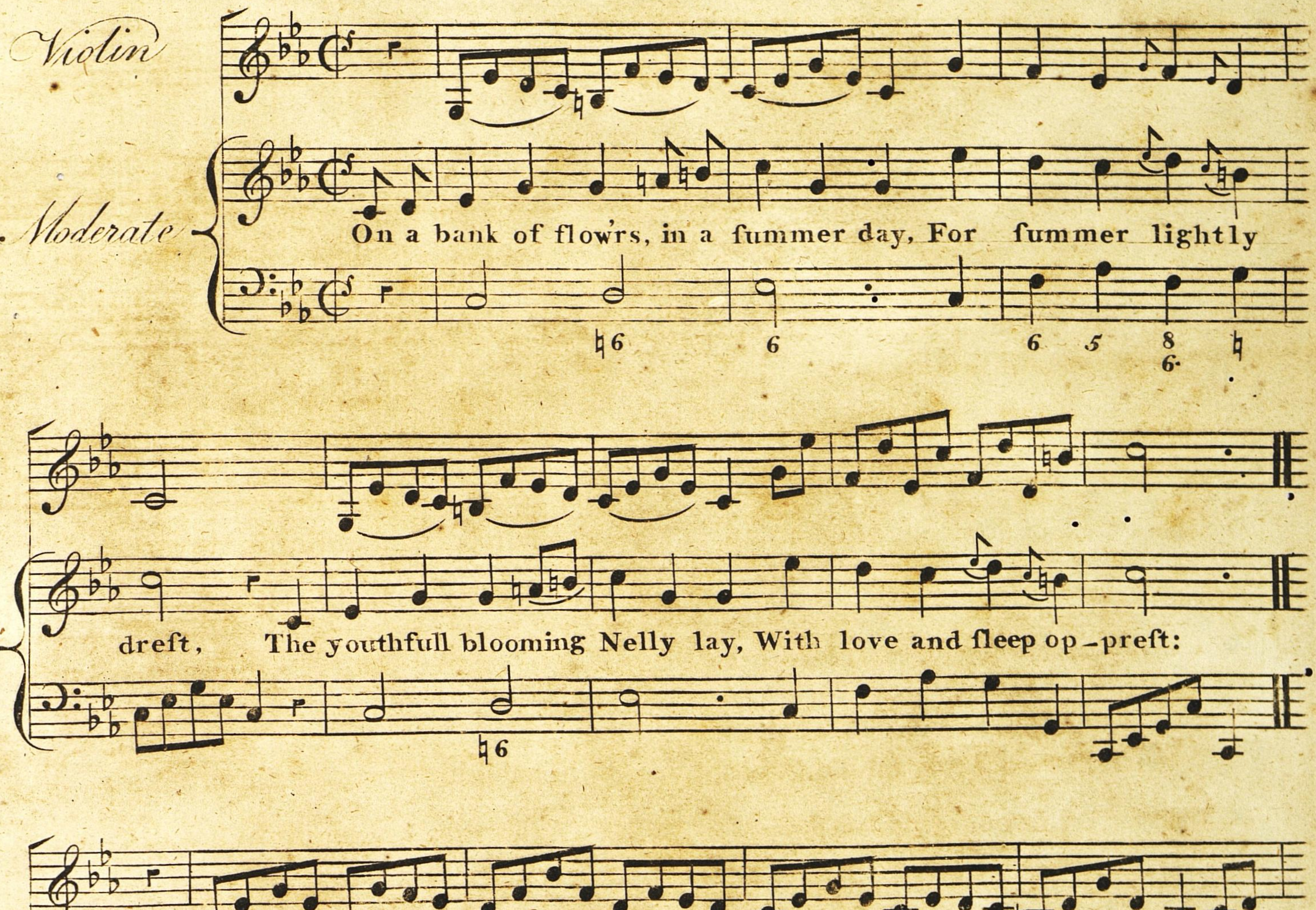
ON a bank of flow'rs in a ſummer's day,
For ſummer lightly dreſt,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and ſleep oppreſt.
When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had ſu'd,
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And trembled where he ſtood.

Her cloſed eyes, like weapons ſheath'd,
Were ſeal'd in ſoft repoſe,
Her lips, ſtill as ſhe fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the roſe.
The ſpringing lilies ſweetly preſt,
Wild, wanton, kiſs'd her rival breaſt;
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
His boſom ill at reſt.

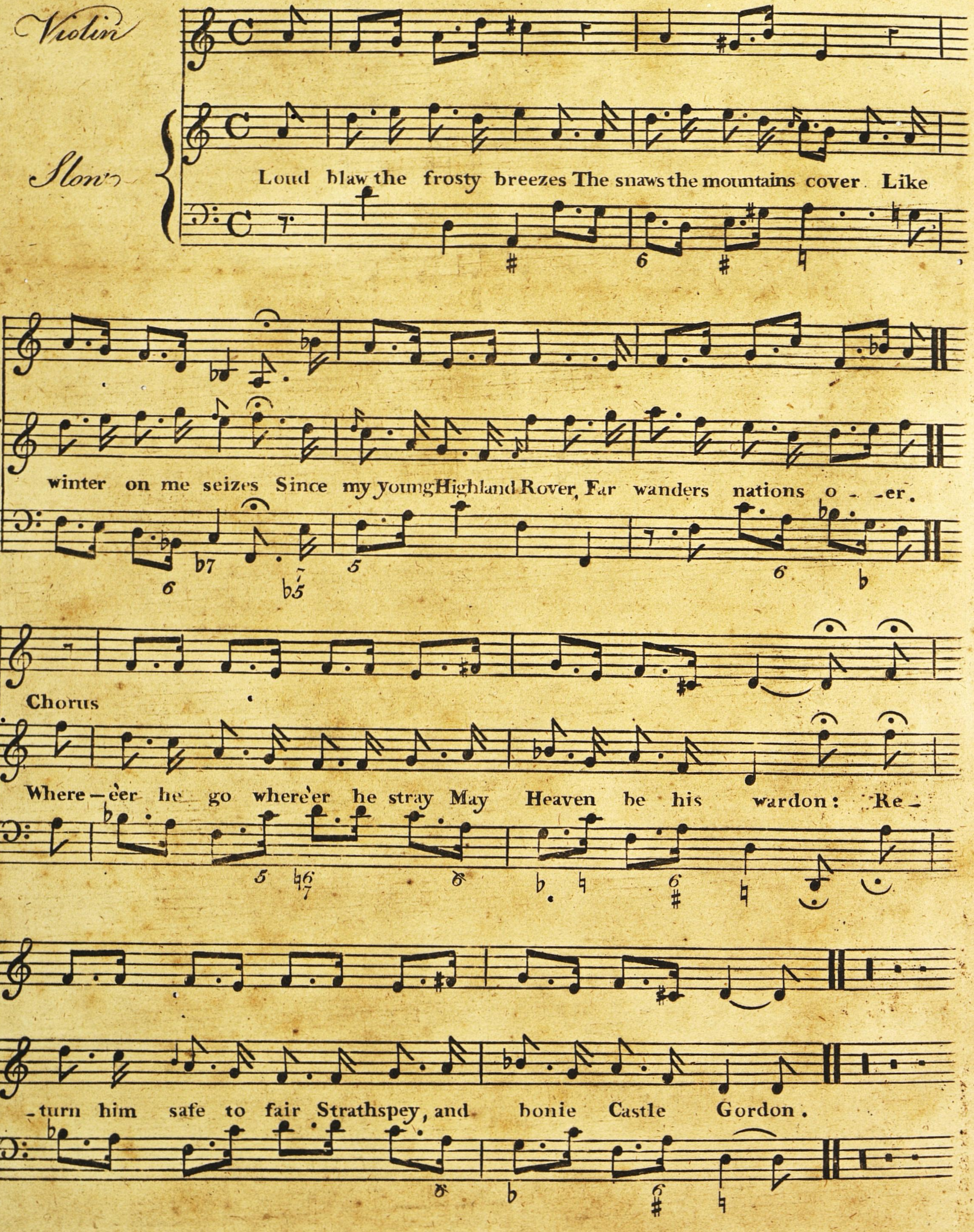
Her robes light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native eaſe,
All harmony and grace:
Tumultuous tides his pulſes roll,
A faltering, ardent kiſs he ſtole;
He gaz'd, he wiſh'd, he fear'd, he bluſh'd,
And ſigh'd his very ſoul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inſpired wings,
So Nelly, ſtarting, half awake,
Away affrighted ſprings;
But Willy follow'd, as he ſhou'd,
He overtook her in the wood,
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

On a Bank of Flowers.



The Young Highland Rover.



THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover,
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
CHO. *Where'er he go, where'er he stray,*
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie castle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythly singing,
And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
CHO. *Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,*
When, by his mighty warden;
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie castle Gordon.

A COUNTRIE LASSIE.

IN ſimmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green on ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roſes blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Beſſie in the milking ſhield,
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will:
Out ſpak a dame in wrinkled eild,
O' gude adviſement comes nae ill.

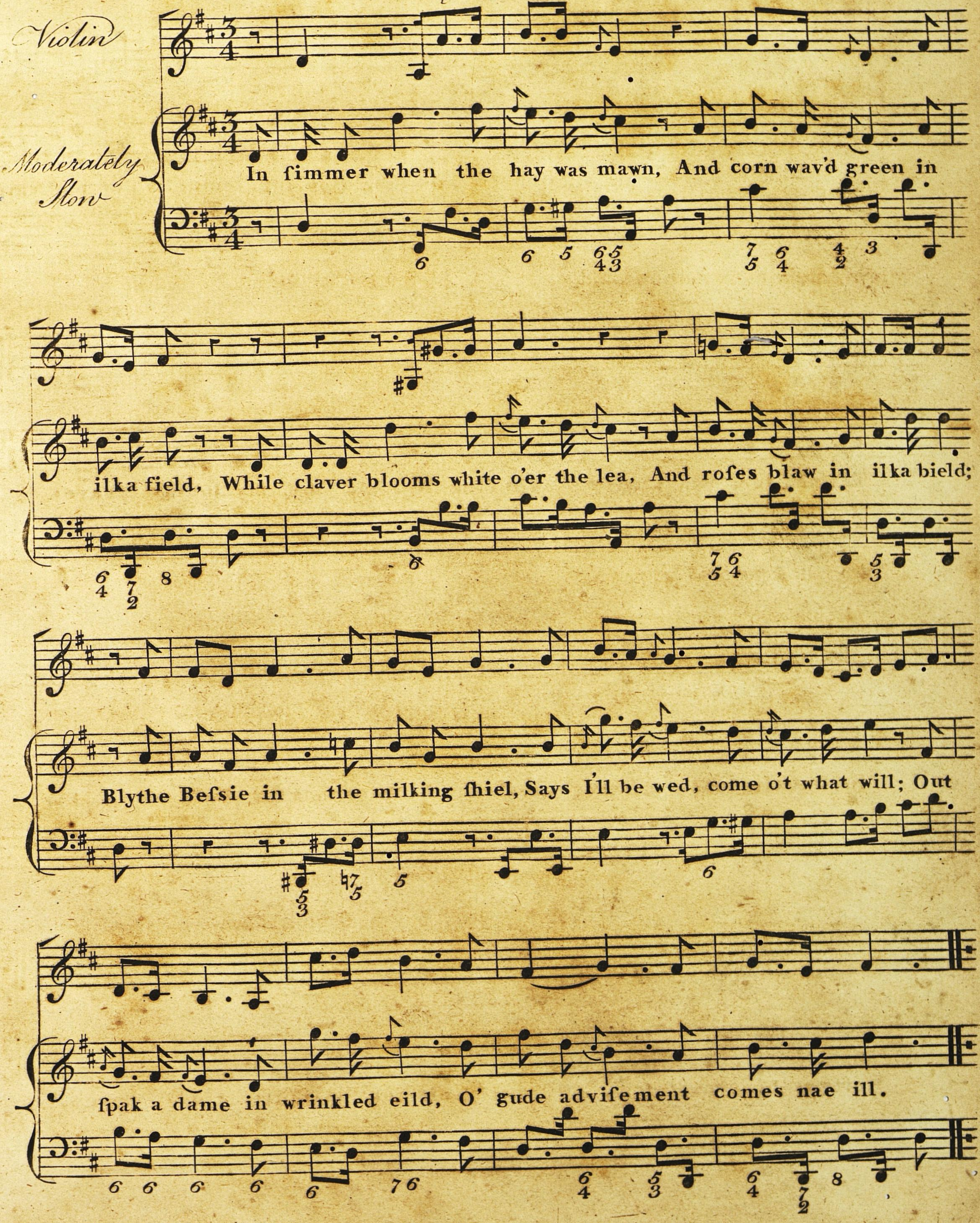
Its ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And, laſſie, ye're but young, ye ken,
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There's Johnie o' the Buſkie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
Its plenty heets the luver's fire.

For Johnny o' the Buſkie-glen
I dinna care a ſingle flee;
He lo'es ſae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae loove to ſpare for me.
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
For Buſkie-glen and a' his gear.

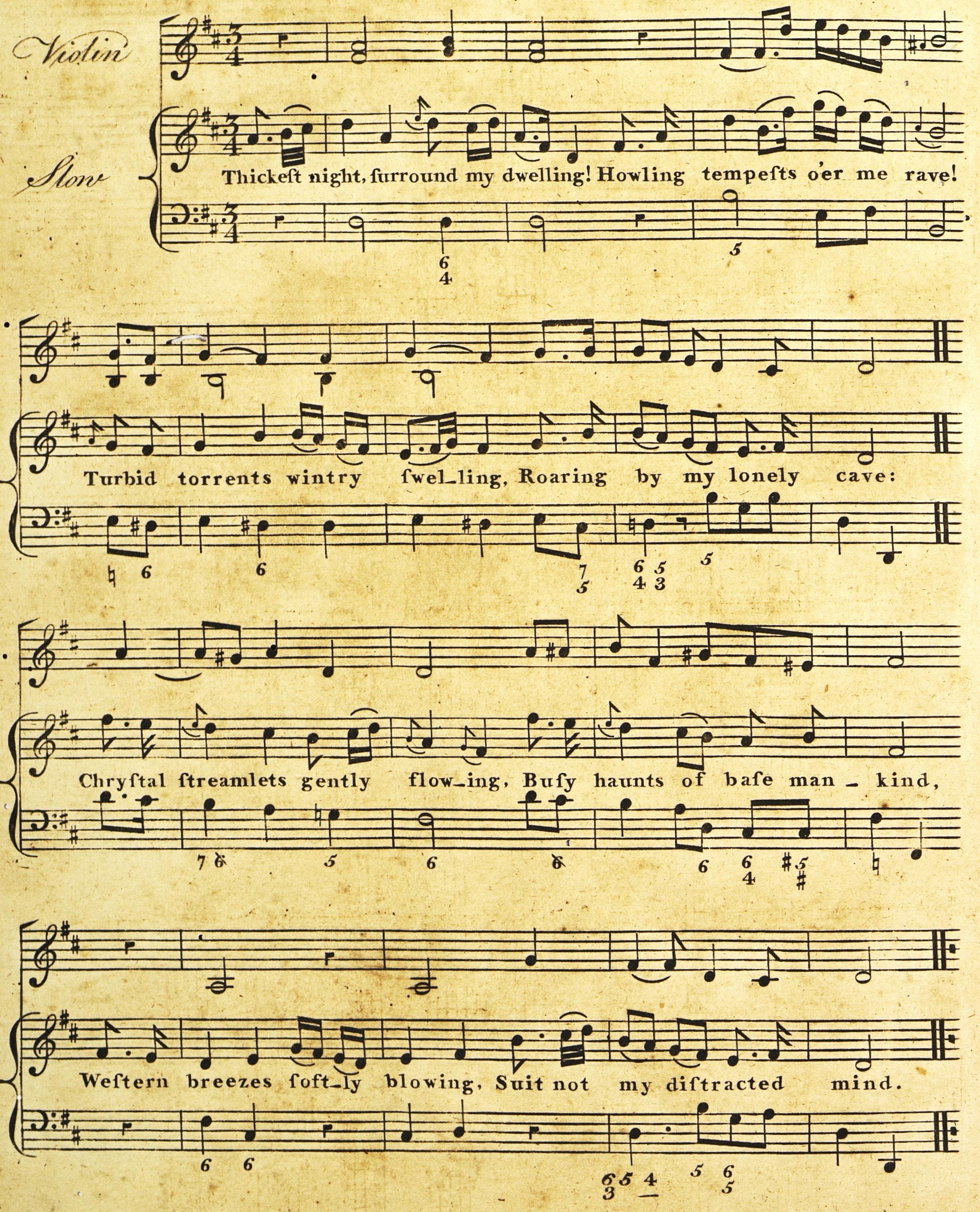
O, thoughtleſs laſſie, life's a faught,
The cannieſt gate the ſtrife is ſair,
But ay fu' han't is fechtin beſt,
A hungry care's an unco care.
But ſome will ſpend, and ſome will ſpare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O! gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me ſheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leeſome loove,
The gowd and ſiller canna buy.
We may be poor, Robie and I,
Light is the burden loove lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and joy;
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

A Country Laſsie.



Strathallan's Lament.



STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, ſurround my dwelling!
Howling tempeſts o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry ſwelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave.

Cryſtal ſtreamlets gently flowing,
Buſy haunts of baſe mankind,
Weſtern breezes ſoftly blowing,
Suit not my diſtracted mind.

In the cauſe of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redreſs,
Honour's war we ſtrongly waged,
But the Heavn's deny'd ſucceſs.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend.

THO' FOR SEVEN YEARS AND MAIR.

THO' for ſeven years and mair honour ſhould reave me,
To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my ſpirits thy ſweets are indented,
And love ſhall preſerve ay what love has imprinted.
CHO. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,*
Gang the world as it will, deareſt believe me.

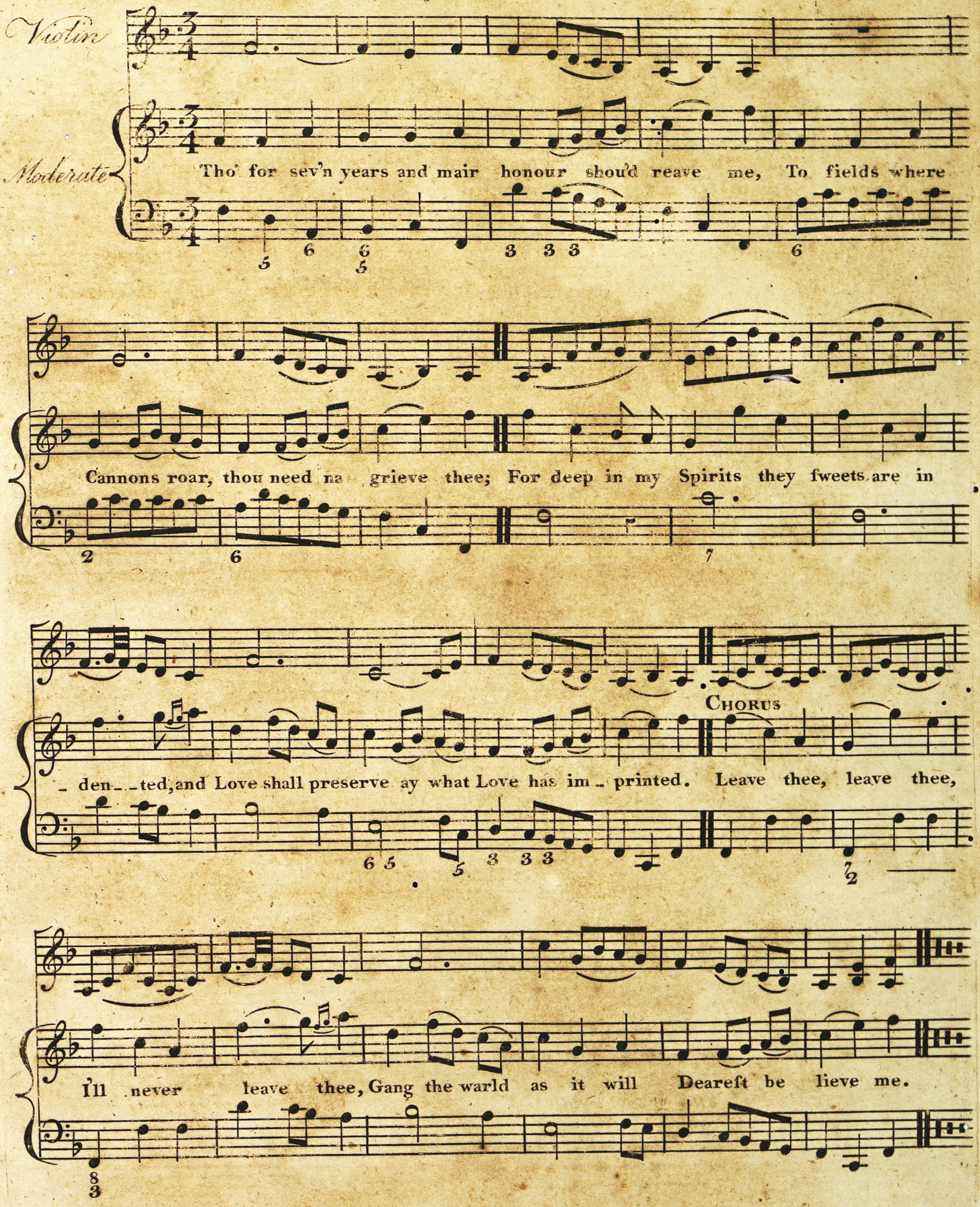
O Johnny I'm jealous whene'er ye diſcover
My ſentiments yielding ye'll turn a looſe rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer.
CHO. *Grieve me, grieve me, O! it wad grieve me!*
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

My Nelly let never ſic fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft beauties firſt heated love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
CHO. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,*
Gang the warld as it will, deareſt believe me.

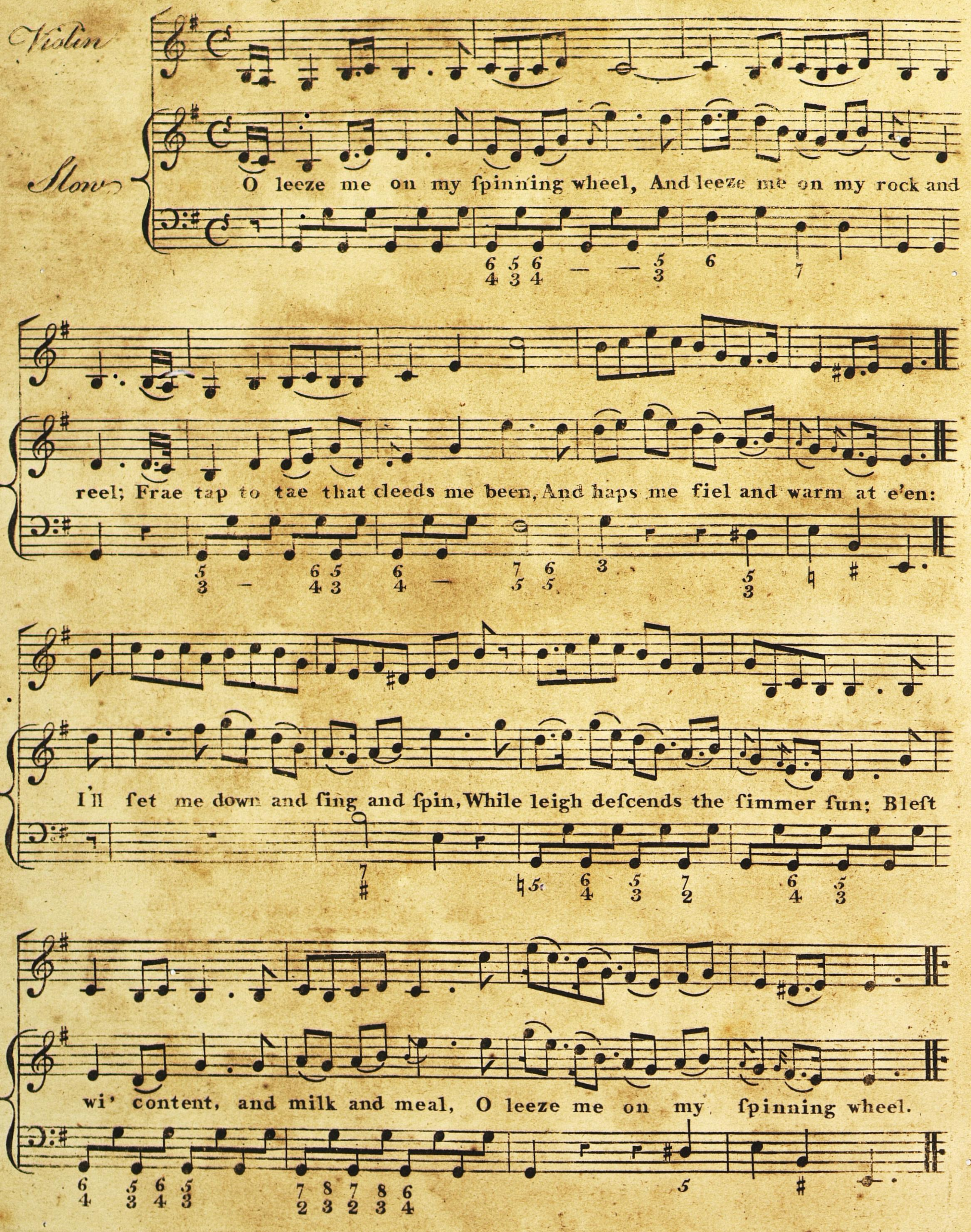
Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye,
To think me your true love, for love gars me trew ye;
And gin ye prove fauſe, to ye'rſel be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
CHO. *Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns it wad reave me,*
Of my reſt night and day if ye deceive me.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gauds on the ſtuddy,
And fair ſimmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid mankind think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
CHO. *Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,*
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

Tho' for sev'n years and mair.



Bess and her Spinning Wheel.



BESS AND HER SPINNIN-WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my ſpinnin-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me been,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
I'll ſet me down and ſing and ſpin,
While laigh deſcends the ſimmer ſin,
Bleſt wi' content and milk and meal,
O leeze me on my ſpinnin-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my thackit cot;
The ſcented birk and hawthorn white
Acroſs the pool their arms unite;
Alike to ſcreen the birdie's neſt,
And little fiſhes caller reſt;
The ſun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blyth I turn my ſpinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cuſhats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale,
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the lea,
The ſwallow jinkin round my ſhiel,
Amuſe me at my ſpinnin-wheel.

Wi' ſma' to ſell, and leſs to buy,
Aboon diſtreſs, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble ſtate
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Wi' a' their flairing idle toys,
Wi' a' their glitt'ring dinſome joys,
Can they the peace and pleaſure feel
Of Beſſy at her ſpinnin-wheel?

KELLYBURN-BRAES.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn-braes,
Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
He met wi' the d-v-l, ſays, how do ye fen?
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, ſir, that's a' my complaint;
Hey, &c.
For, ſaving your preſence, to her ye're a ſaint.
And, &c.

It's neither your ſtot nor your ſtaig I ſhall crave,
Hey, &c.
But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I muſt have.
And, &c.

O, welcome moſt kindly! the blythe carl ſaid;
Hey, &c.
But if you can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd.
And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey, &c.
And like a poor pedler he's carried his pack.
And, &c.

Then ſtraight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey, &c.
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand.
And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
Hey, &c.
Whae'er ſhe gat hands on cam near her nae mair.
And, &c.

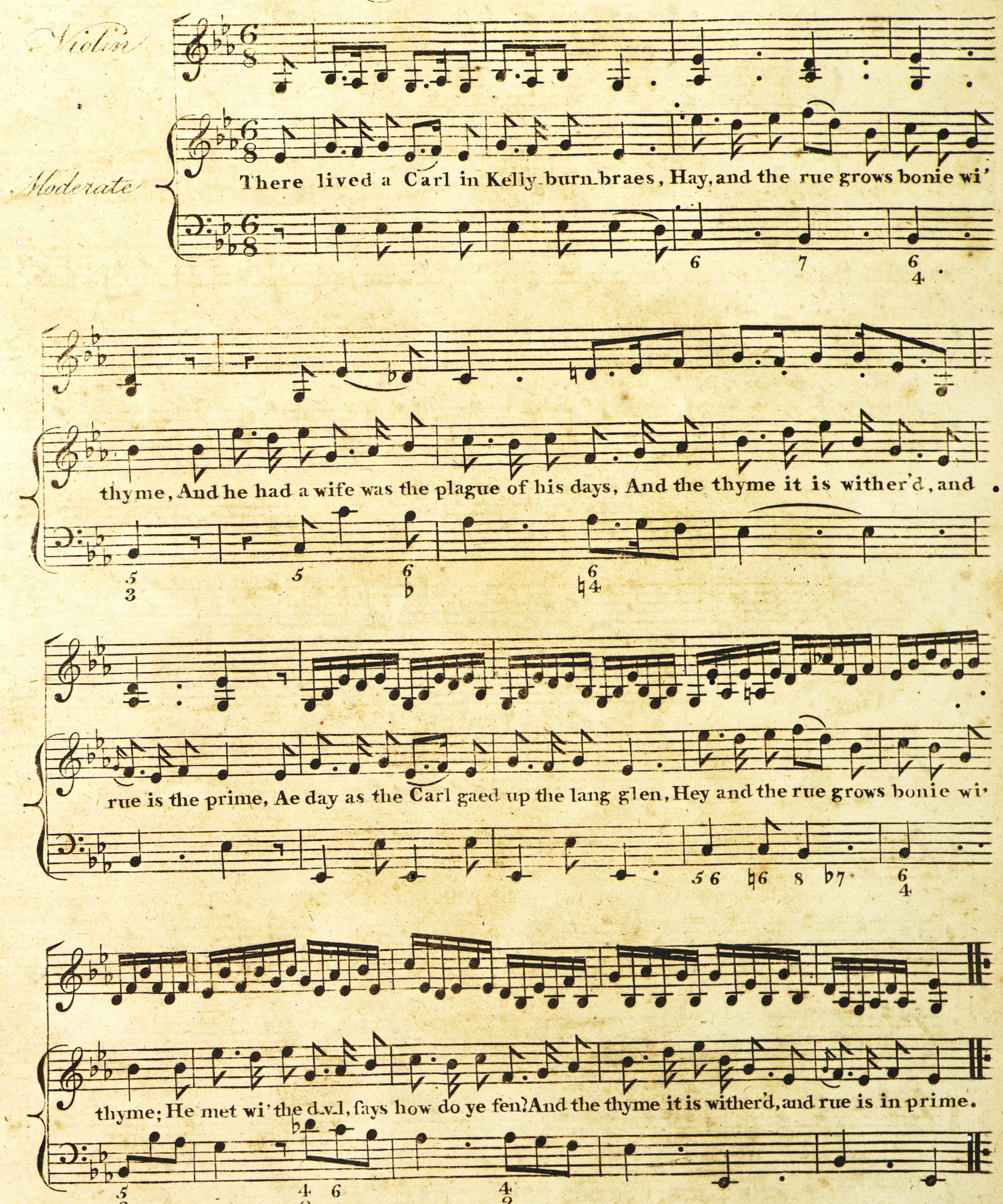
A reekit wee devil looks over the wa',
Hey, &c.
O, help! maſter, help! or ſhe'll ruin us a'.
And, &c.

The d-v-l he ſwore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, &c.
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife.
And, &c.

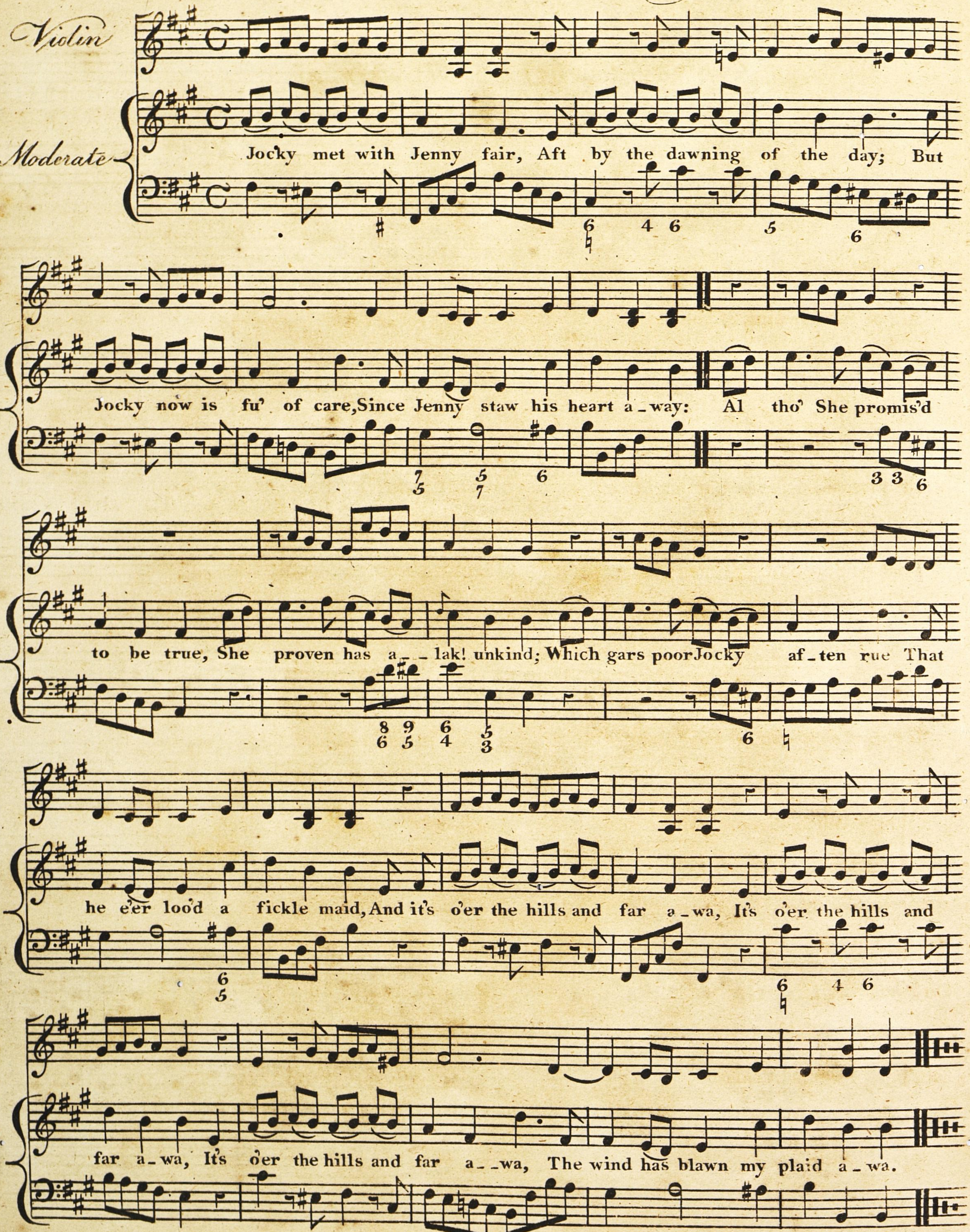
Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, &c.
And to her auld huſband he's carried her back;
And, &c.

I ha'e been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,
Hey, &c.
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife.
And, &c.

Kelly-burn Braes.



O'er the Hills and far away.



O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

JOCKY met with Jenny fair,
Aft be the dawning of the day;
But Jocky now is fu' of care,
Since Jenny ſtaw his heart away:
Although ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

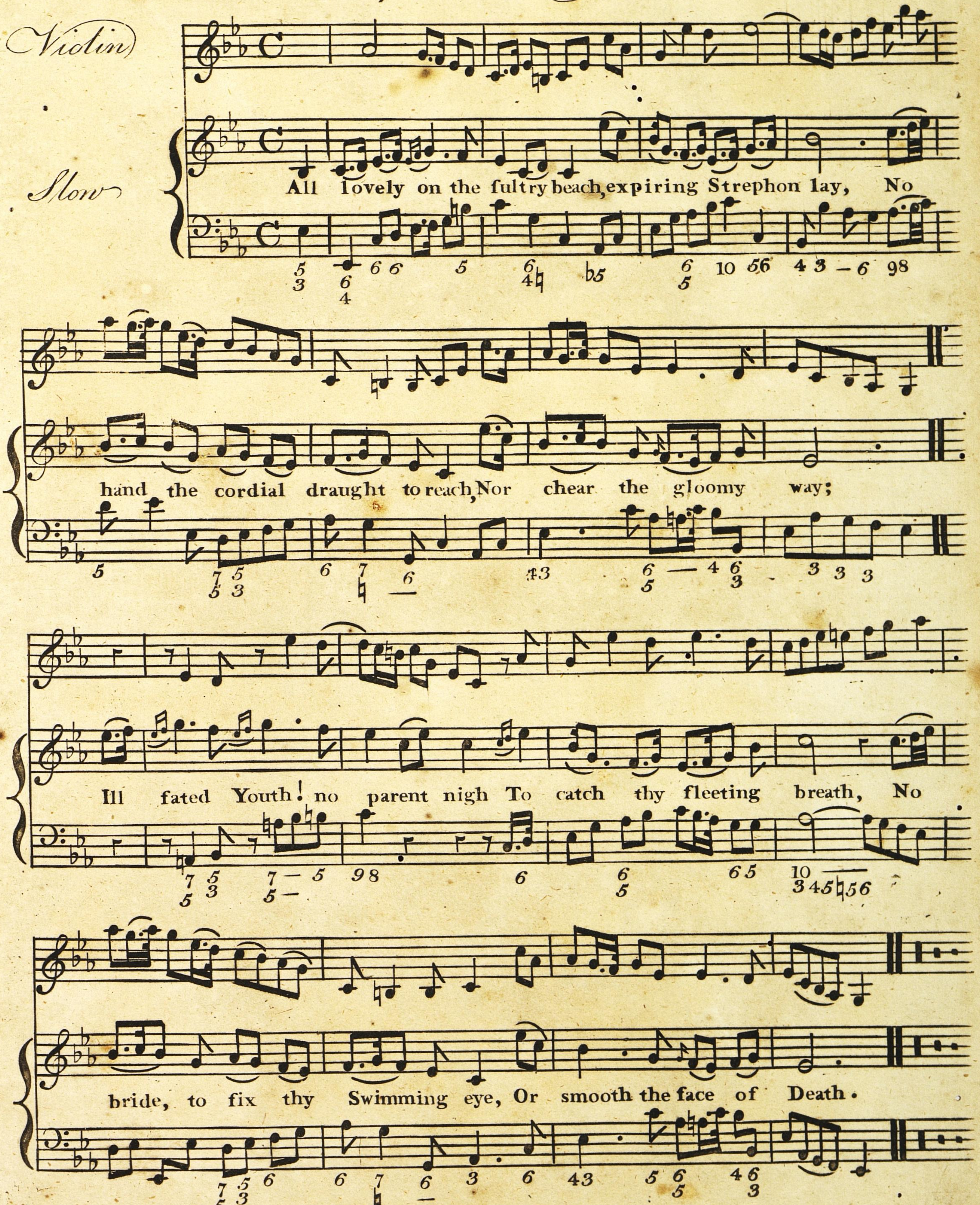
He ſung—When firſt my Jenny's face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair;
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.

Ah! could ſhe find the diſmal wae
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'd nae chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.
But, oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake;
And in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, adieu to love.
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
The wind has blown my plaid away.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

ALL lovely on the ſultry beach
Expiring Strephon lay;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath;
No bride, to fix thy ſwimming eye,
Or ſmooth the face of death.

Far diſtant from the mournful ſcene
Thy parents ſit at eaſe;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the ſpring, to pleaſe.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depreſs'd;
Thou fall'ſt, alas! thyſelf, thy kind,
Thy country unredreſs'd!

Strephon and Lydia.